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P. H. ADAMS.

MISS LAWSON.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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CREDIT BANKS.

MR. C. R. BUXTON, who ought to know something both about banking and the requirements of the small occupiers of land in East Anglia, pleads for the establishment of credit banks in the new magazine called *Bedrock*. It is very remarkable that, although county councils have full power under the Small Holdings Act of 1908 to start credit banks and assist them by grant or loan, so far nothing has been done in this direction. There has been a great deal of talk on platforms and writing in the daily Press and periodicals; but nobody seems to take the work in hand practically. Mr. Buxton hazards the conjecture that county councils already have too much to do, and that an idea is prevalent among them that the encouragement of co-operation under any shape or form is outside their sphere. He will not have it that the ground is already covered by the great joint stock banks. The latter, he says, are concerned mainly to provide for men of substance. "The very idea of entering one of their palatial buildings would terrify the ordinary small holder." One wonders if behind this statement there are any supporting facts, or whether Mr. Buxton is only soaring forth in a little excusable speculation. It is said, for instance, that the small holders in Huntingdonshire and Lincolnshire, who suffered so severely from the summer rain, were helped through the difficulty by the joint stock banks. It would be extremely interesting to ascertain what are the real facts in this case. How many men were actually helped by loan or otherwise? Mr. Buxton takes a strong view on the subject. He thinks that the small holder might have received assistance "when the bank was a genuinely local institution and all those concerned in its management were intimately acquainted with the conditions

and personalities of a particular place." He admits that it is the duty of the manager to know the people of his locality, but thinks that the ordinary bank does not care to be troubled with trifling and infrequent loans to men of small means possessing little or no visible security. But here again one is confronted with the suspicion that the writer may be speaking at large. What we want is definite evidence that the small holders themselves recognise the need of credit banks and wish to see them started. Probably the strongest obstacle in the way is the inborn dislike to borrowing which belongs to the English character. In the past, rural society was inclined to look askance at the man who had to borrow money for any purpose whatever, and, indeed, his doing so very often was the prelude to disaster. Those who have succeeded on the land are the men who by industry and frugality have managed to put themselves in such a position that if they require further capital they could produce security on which it would be put down as a business transaction. Of course, we are not referring to the advances which banks have long been in the habit of making at different times of the year—during harvest, for instance, when a heavy weekly wage-bill has to be met and a return from the corn is not available. Mr. Buxton's notion of a credit bank is that it should confine itself to making small loans "ranging perhaps from one pound or even less, to forty pounds or so." He goes on to say that each loan is for a specific purpose, such as the purchase of a plough or other implement, the purchase of a cow, pig or what not, or the erection of a shed or cowhouse. A condition in granting the loan is that it should be productive. The implement or animal must be required for the purpose of adding to the revenue from the land.

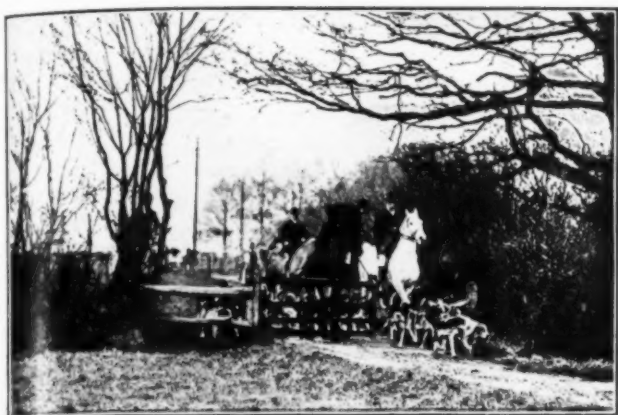
The business is managed by a committee, which is elected by the members and unpaid. There are no shares and no dividends, and "a credit bank is not a profit-making institution, but a co-operative scheme for providing certain benefits for its own members." The security for the loans lies in the personal knowledge of the applicant possessed by the committee, in the requirement of two personally known sureties, and in the unlimited liability of every member. The last is described by Mr. Buxton as "the corner-stone of the system." This sounds plausible enough, but the question is whether the credit bank is not an institution adapted to a poorer class than our peasant cultivators. The men who prosper among the latter would not care to incur the responsibility described, and the men who do not prosper have little influence.

A great deal is made of the deposit system. The very smallest sums are welcomed, and there is the idea that the credit bank deserves encouragement because it employs the capital and does not, like the joint stock bank, send it away for investment. In Ireland the system has worked fairly well, and between two hundred and three hundred banks have been established. The Department of Agriculture have lent about £17,000 at three or four per cent. The rate of interest they themselves charge to members is five or six per cent. But in Ireland there is, of course, a much poorer class of cultivator, consisting to a great extent of men to whom a loan of £1 or less would at certain times be a great advantage. That is at least a more plausible explanation than the statement that the credit bank is "the capitalisation of honesty." Mr. Buxton himself seems inclined to limit the scope of the bank to transactions of the extent indicated. He thinks, for instance, that the banks should not be employed for the purpose of helping farmers to acquire their holdings when these are sold by the original owners. One would have thought this a really praiseworthy line of action; but evidently there is at present a set made against the tenant farmer. We have seen recently an important county council purchase an estate of 12,000 acres over the heads of all agricultural competitors, and serve notices to leave on the farmers who had occupied these holdings in some cases for many generations, while they are preparing to let the land to small holders. Surely in this case it would have been a wiser policy to lend the farmers money to help them to an acquisition of the land they had been accustomed to till.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Miss Lawson, the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. A. W. Lawson of Stavely Lodge, Melton Mowbray.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES.

AFTER all, it seems that no Land Bill is going to be introduced this Session. Lord Haldane has announced that its place will be taken by a Bill which will be an important step forward in educational policy, but he has given no particulars of the measure contemplated. On the other hand, it is said that the Government will go to the country on the question of Franchise and Redistribution. Many rumours are afloat as to the reasons for putting off a loudly-proclaimed attempt to revolutionise the land system. The most probable explanation is that such a scheme was not regarded with favour by the many men of substance and property who belong to the Liberal Party. Indeed, there is a sense of fairness in the great body of Englishmen, whatever be their political profession, that would revolt against a measure that was obviously and unmistakably unjust. It does not seem to us that there are many people who appreciate the real difficulty in regard to English land. It is that up to the end of the nineteenth century we held a place unchallenged as first among the farmers of the world. Nowhere could such results be shown as on our acres; but since then other countries have been rapidly gaining ground, and our supremacy in this respect is no longer what it was. Plainly put, the reason would appear to be that success was originally due to the splendid individual agriculturists developed in this country, whereas we are now trusting far more to a weak Board of Agriculture than to individual effort.

A most curious light is thrown on existence in the Hebrides by the Report of the Committee appointed last July to enquire as to the provision of medical aid in the Highlands and islands. In the remote islets superstitions of an almost incredible kind are believed in as implicitly as in the Dark Ages. One witness told of a "cure" applied to an epileptic in the remote island of Rona. A black cock was buried beneath the spot where the patient had the first attack. A woman suffering from "King's Evil," which is a form of tuberculosis, went to a seventh son in the island of Scalpay. The seventh son, indeed, plays a great part in the medicine of the islands; so does the "skilly" woman. One old man suffering from keratitis drove nine miles and walked another six to consult a wise woman at Licisto. She made up a doggerel rhyme and mixed grasses and water and sand, then sang, whereupon the patient declared that he felt better! A man with a carbuncle on the back of his neck went to a seventh son for advice. This person came to his house, and every night for a long time put cold water on the carbuncle and a sixpence round the man's neck. Who could believe that such customs and beliefs were still extant within twenty-four hours of Westminster?

This would be all very amusing were it not for the deplorable account which is given of the health of the district. The poor feeding, the bad housing and, probably, inbreeding, have resulted in widespread consumption. Dr. Murray, the district Medical Officer of Health for Lewis, attributes the prevalence of the disease to "houses of practically only one room, with damp walls, damp clay floors, sunless interiors, a vitiated and smoky atmosphere, and the cattle under the same roof with the human inmates, the surroundings usually badly drained, and the site often damp." Another factor to which the spread of disease is attributed is the insufficiency and unsuitability of the food. The porridge-pot has been laid away, and it is

replaced by over-brewed tea. The children are the special sufferers. Many of them have to walk long distances to school, so long that they cannot get home to dinner, and they start the day on this over-brewed tea and bread. The disuse of porridge is partly due to the impossibility of obtaining milk, for what comes from the crofter's cow is utilised for rearing calves. The Report rightly points out that all this is the more discreditable because, practically speaking, every able-bodied man in Lewis is trained for service; that is, he belongs to the Regular Army, the Royal Navy, the Army Special Reserve, or the Territorial Force. In this way over four thousand Lewis men are being trained in arms. In no other district of Great Britain are doctors so badly paid. They scarcely receive the wages of a competent artisan.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, with which the Dominion Government are working in cordial agreement, appear to be determined to offer every inducement for the young man of some capital to settle on their land. The first great departure they made was in the preparation of homesteads ready-made for the emigrant. Instead of having to engage in the terrible work of clearing, which used to be the necessary preliminary to wheat-growing in Canada, the house was built, the land partly broken up and ready for cropping, and the way paved to immediate practical farming. Now these advantages are being brought within reach of the man who can command the comparatively small sum of £200. Mr. J. S. Dennis has been explaining, during the course of the present week, how a man with this amount of capital could work a farm of one hundred and sixty acres fully equipped with cows, pigs, sheep and poultry. In the first place, the payments are to be spread over twenty years by instalments, and, in the second, the railway company will lend the settler the equivalent of £400 in farm-buildings and in improving his land. If he is competent to deal with livestock, they would also lend him £200 worth of beasts selected by experts. The scheme will involve the setting aside of about £18,000,000 to carry it out, but it certainly opens up a most attractive field for the enterprising young man who has a limited capital and a great taste for outdoor life.

AN ILEX GROVE.

Even at mid-day the gloom
So heavy and unbroken in
Silence hangs among the trees,
As at the entrance of a tomb.
And over the long-growing grass
Never sun-beams glide or pass—
All is quiet—yet the deep
Shadow holds no hint of sleep—
Something lurking therein lies
With bright, keen unclosing eyes
Listening silently and long
For a step which none may hear
Moving, moving furtively
Where the thick-set ilex throng,
Grey and twisted and austere,
A little leaning towards the sea.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

There should be no great difficulty in drawing the proper conclusion from the very interesting letter on chicken-rearing which Mr. S. F. Edge contributes to our "Correspondence" columns, and to which Mr. F. G. Paynter replies. Our readers will study for themselves the different points that are raised. We only wish to direct attention to two of them. The first is the price which Mr. Paynter was able to obtain for his poultry at Hounslow. This surprised Mr. Edge; but it is accounted for in a very simple manner. There was a regular supply of really fine and beautiful birds guaranteed. Mr. Paynter tells us that he has made similar arrangements for the coming year. In April he will receive three shillings and ninepence each for his birds, and this sum will be decreased by threepence in each successive month, until it falls to half-a-crown in September. The next point is that the work is extremely light, and a woman, according to the expert's opinion, should be able to turn out three thousand chickens in a year, producing a net income of something like two hundred pounds. This, then, is the moral of the tale. There are many thousands of women in Great Britain anxious to make an independent livelihood for themselves. Here is their opportunity. The work is light, healthy and interesting. It is begun and completed in a period of ten months, so that provision is made for two months' change of employment or absolute holiday.

Our "Correspondence" this week contains some striking illustrations of the extraordinary mildness of the present winter. It has only been broken by one or two cold snaps, which were, in reality, not much more severe than the May frosts. But of all the plants which show the mildness of the winter, our correspondents fail to mention the one which is at once the commonest and the most conspicuous, namely, the grass. In the course of a pretty long experience we have never seen anything like the herbage this year. In the first week of January it had that sparkling, vivid, fresh green hue that begins as a rule to come to it in April. In ordinary seasons grass during these winter months enjoys a complete rest; there is not a bit of it for the livestock. But the old meadows and the new hayfields look as if the crop were just making that start which we associate with the beginning of May, and which ushers in the weeks during which the flow of milk is greatest. The old Scotch proverb had it that a green Yule made a full kirkyard; but the maker of this saying could scarcely have had in mind such an extraordinary verdure as now clothes the fields.

On Monday afternoon the London Society met at the Guildhall under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. Two speeches of importance were made, respectively by Lord Curzon of Kedleston and Sir Aston Webb. Lord Curzon's dream of the London that should be is one in which the North side of the river would be kept very much as it is. On the South side he would like to see a clean sweep made of the warehouses with frowning fronts. In the place of these he would uprear a city from which the gloomy tenements had been swept away and replaced by great streets. He would also like to revive "the vanished river glories of the past." Sir Aston Webb's speech was severely practical. The schemes he advocated include an embankment extending from Westminster Bridge to Southwark Cathedral; a great thoroughfare from the southern end of Westminster Bridge joining the end of London Bridge; the replacing of the two iron bridges of Charing Cross and Cannon Street by stone bridges; and the definite laying down of the main roads out of London to the suburbs and to other parts of England. This opens up a large but by no means an impracticable programme.

It is a pleasure to be able to announce that we have been able to acquire the serial rights in Miss Mary Cholmondeley's new novel, "Nevertheless," and that in a few weeks' time—probably in the first issue for March—publication will begin. Miss Mary Cholmondeley needs no introduction to our readers. She certainly is not to be numbered among the fluent and facile writers who produce a novel every six months with tiresome regularity. Miss Cholmondeley takes almost as many years to develop and work out her conception of a story; but the result is worth the trouble. Her new novel, we can assure our readers, is a contribution to literature. It deals, as every fine story must deal, with human passion, sometimes disciplined, sometimes wild and unrestrained. It needs no saying that, although the authoress never shrinks from looking the facts of life fairly and squarely in the face, she has the finest sense of what should and what should not be written. Although too great an artist to write a novel with a purpose, her work is permeated with that broad and wholesome morality which distinguishes the work of our greatest English writers. It may be added that Miss Cholmondeley knows the life of the English country house as few of her contemporaries do, and the atmosphere of her story is that with which we are all familiar and at home.

Mr. H. E. Morgan is the author of an ingenious tract suggesting a kind of central bureau that would bring into touch business men and the Universities, with the object of giving a business finish to the University training of those who are fitted by Nature for a commercial career. It is an excellent proposal. Someone has defined work as the putting of things in their right places. The husbandman, for example, if he analyses his work, will find that it consists in putting his manure into its place, his seed into its place, even his soil into its right place, and if his cattle are put into their right places and their food put into its right place, his work will be well done. Mr. Morgan's plan as far as we can gather it, is to put men in their right places. There are turned out of the Universities year by year a considerable number of students who are fitted for business; and the establishment contemplated would act as a means for transferring this raw material into the environment where it would gradually become a finished product. Art and the professions might very well follow the example thus set, so that the educational edifice would be crowned by a machine adapted to put every young man beginning life into the position where his talents could be best employed.

It has often been said of Cobbett, a little by way in disparagement of his sense of the picturesque, that in his eye a well-grown field of turnips was a more pleasing sight than the most beautiful landscape in all England. It is a criticism which scarcely does him justice: "Hawkley-hangers," he writes, "promontories and stone roads will always come into my mind when I see, or hear of, picturesque views." It was from Hawkley-hangers that White of Selborne tells us he used to see the kite gliding, and it is curious to read Cobbett's words immediately following those quoted above: "I forgot to mention that, in going from Hawkley to Greatham, the man who went to show me the way, told me at a certain fork, 'that road goes to Selborne.' This put me in mind of a book, which was once recommended to me, but which I never saw, entitled '*The History and Antiquities of Selborne*' (or something of that sort) written, I think, by a parson of the name of *White*, brother of Mr. *White*, so long a Bookseller in Fleet-street. The parson had, I think, the living of the parish of Selborne." So do we all think.

THE BEADLE OF DRUMLEE.

Them that's as highly placed as me
(Wha am the beadle o' Drumlee)
Should na be prood, nor yet owre free.

Me and the minister, ye ken,
Are na the same as a' thae men
We hae for neighbours i' the glen.

The Lord gie'd him some lairnin' sma',
And me, gude sense abune them a',
And them, nae wuts to ken wha's wha!

Ye'd think, to hear the lees they tell
The Sawbath day could mind itsel'
Without a haun' to roun the bell.

Ye'd think the Reverend Patrick Broun
Could ca' the Bible up an' doon,
And loup his lane intill his goon;

Whiles, gin he didna get frae me
The wiselike word I weel can gie,
Whaur would the puir bit callant be?

The elders—Ross and Wullyim Aird,
And fowk like Alexander Caird,
Wha' think they're cocks o' ilka yaird—

Fegs, aye! they'd na be sweer to rule
A lad sae newly frae the schule,
Gin my auld bonnet crooned a fule!

But oh! Jehovah's unco' kind!
Whaur would this doited parish find
A man wi' sic a powerfu' mind?

Sae, let the parish hae its sicht
Dazed wi' the elders' shinin' licht
Nor ken wha's haun' keeps a' thing richt.

It's no for them to understaun'
That brains hae ruled since time began
An' that the Beadle is the man!

VIOLET JACOB.

It is rather curious to read the list of wild animals advertised for sale in America by one whom we in this country should call a game-farmer, but whom they prefer to term a "naturalist." In the *New York Town and Country* we find the advertisement list of one of such farmers headed with Bobwhite quail, and proceeding with Hungarian partridges, pheasants, wild turkeys, rabbits, deer, squirrels, etc. Perhaps of all the surprises in the list the last will strike us most forcibly. Why, we may ask, should a man wish to stock squirrels? "To make things lively," we may conceive an American owner rejoicing. These squirrels would be, no doubt, the large American grey kind, not our familiar russet-hued friends. But what little we know in this country of that American squirrel can only increase our surprise that anyone should be at the expense and pains of introducing him. Where we have done so here we already repent and wish him gone. Not only is he quite as destructive of young plantations as our native red squirrel, but he is far more carnivorous, and we believe that there are stories told on good authority of his raiding hen-roosts. He even drives our English squirrel from his own haunts. He is inclined, in our opinion, to make things a little more lively than we might wish.

ALPINE ICE AND SNOW.

THE majority of the winter pleasure resorts in Switzerland are now reached by train, funiculaire or cog-wheel. The journey to the Engadin, to Montana and to most of the Oberland villages is consequently easier and quicker than it used to be. But in the era when several hours' drive by sleigh was a portion of the programme the stranger saw much that he now misses. Especially on the high passes the wayside scenery was not only



G. R. Ballance.

WIND THE ARTIST.

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very beautiful, but often exceedingly curious. On the Fluela, the Splügen, the Albula and the Maloja roads the snow formations, at the summit, are of a sort which the train-traveller rarely witnesses. For at these great altitudes the road (such road as there is) emerges on barren saddles and tablelands where there is no shelter. Down in the valley, when the sleigh starts on its drive, the air may be motionless; a few hours later, having crawled up four or five thousand feet, the sleigh

is battling with a gale at a temperature of zero Fahr. It is a trying experience for the voyager, and one is glad enough that nowadays the trip is performed in a snug train, which avoids the climb by a tunnel; but on those fortunate occasions when, on the pass, the atmosphere was almost, or quite, still, and one was able to observe from one's slow-moving sleigh the effect of recent tempests, the sight was indeed worth travelling far to enjoy.

The sleigh, barely wide enough to hold two persons side by side, is open; the traveller is only covered, from the middle downwards, by an apron. His arms are free, and on the top of the Splügen I have stretched out my gloved hand and touched the telegraph wires, which were on a level with my shoulder, but in summer would, of course, have been far above my head. This meant an enormous depth of snow; the sleigh was creeping along on the surface of hard-beaten snow yards deep; the telegraph poles only just jutted out



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THE EFFECTS OF GALES OF WIND.

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LIKE THE WAVES OF AN INCOMING TIDE.

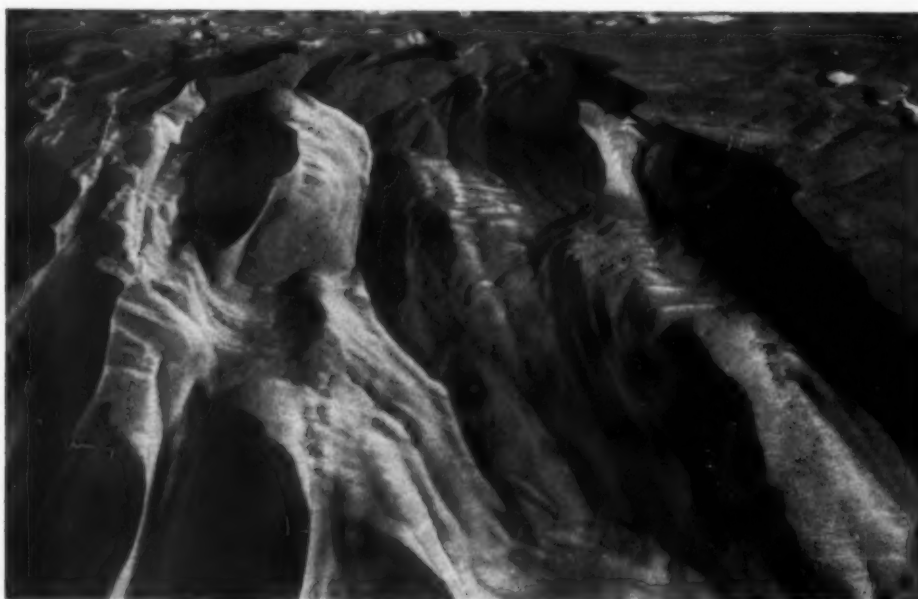
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THE LAST SNOWFALL. NEARLY BLOWN AWAY.

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SNOW-WAVES IN AN EXPOSED POSITION.

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above it. Nevertheless, the snow was not a mere drift; on the contrary, it was less deep than it might have been, for there were indications everywhere that the wind had driven it away, like sand, as it fell. As far as eye could reach one saw nothing but whiteness, with the telegraph poles' tops peeping out and the wires making thin black lines, which really were our only guidance, for previous sleighs' runner tracks had been wiped out. The snow was glisteningly white, polished in places like varnish; here and there, where some undulation occurred, it was scooped and carved into the most fantastic shapes. Sometimes the curves were lovely; they resembled marble steps, chiselled and smoothed. And all this suave but complex workmanship had been performed by the action of wind.

Wind reaches the lower spots also, but not so continuously. In the valleys one sees odd snow-upholsteries, but as a rule it has been due to a direct fall, not to a fall influenced by day after day of piercing air currents. On the heights these air currents in mid-winter are bitterly cold; they do not thaw the snow at all, they merely drive it; and the snow, lying itself far below freezing-point, does not stick, flake to flake—it travels in myriads of individual hard particles, and is deposited where the wind will. Lower down, when a thaw sets in, there are strange effects, due to what may be called the rotting of the snow. Pits form in the hitherto flawless embankments of white, and the white itself deteriorates to a drab shade. When, after such an occurrence, fresh snow falls, the ugliness is covered up; but if a wind blows the new snow away, in places one describes the old lower strata, and realises, by the contrast of their dingy grey, how inaccurately the word white is linked with the word snow in the popular vocabulary.

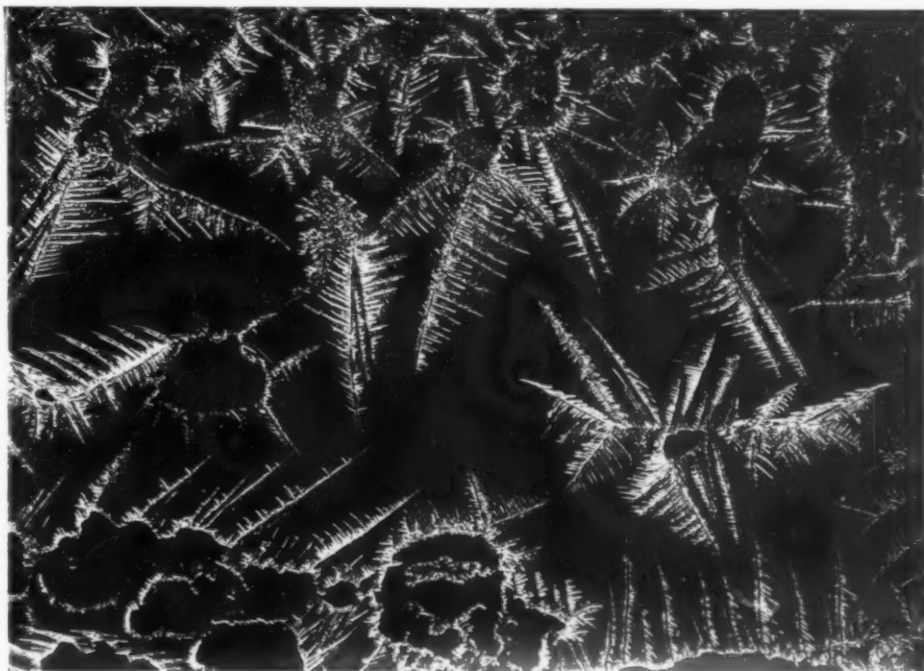
The least white snow is that which is turned up by an avalanche. A previously fleckless hillside suddenly roars down, and lo! when the turmoil has ceased, the valley is full of tumbled wreckage, lumps of snow whose under-sides are exposed and show their clay-coloured layers. On the Maloja once I was present at the scene of a very serious avalanche shortly after it occurred, and it is impossible to forget that horrid desolation. Gigantic boulders, odd bits of riven pine trees, masses of snow, some white, some sugary, lay everywhere; and the whole terrific eruption had stopped only within a yard or two of the back-garden fences of a fair-sized village. A little more, and that village would have been matchwood. Thousands of tons of material had fallen from above; nothing could have resisted its force. Even the dust-avalanche, so called—the avalanche composed of finely-divided snow, which falls in a vapoury steam—does damage if its fore-running wind be confined in some narrow gully funnel: the strength of this draught will tear up trees by the roots or level a chalet. A number of queer tales in this connection are mentioned in a book too little noticed by the modern Helvetian holiday-maker, "Our Life in the Swiss Highlands," by

John Addington Symonds. It should be read by all who wish to know the country as something more than a mere site for hotels and skating-rinks.

Skating-rinks themselves are not without interest in the matter of ice formation. The rotting to which allusion is made is only too familiar to those who, having waited on until the end of March, find the temperature rising, during the daytime, to a point where the ice suffers. The ice indeed stands an extraordinary degree of heat; it reflects off the heat rays just as it reflects off the light rays; but in the end the sun wins. Blisters rise upon the ice, making hummocks fatal to skating; the blisters are followed by an eating away, which ends in holes. And then the rink is ruined. Modern rinks, made not by flooding, but by sprinkling, endure far longer than the old kind. We owe their discovery to the patient experiments of a Grindelwald expert.

It is upon lake ice that the prettiest phenomena are to be observed. Lake ice, at its best, is like glass; one can skate across and see the motionless water-weeds a fathom below. But as soon as the first snowfall takes place the lake ice is lost. There is no lake in Switzerland which it would "pay" to clear for skating, and, moreover, no one has yet devised a satisfactory way of reflooding lake ice which has become roughened by the skates. Thus it comes about that in a land of lakes practically all the skating is done on artificial rinks. In the early winter, however, lake ice is often to be had. I have skated on a Swiss lake when the autumn tints were still on the trees and were reflected in a blaze of gold and bronze on the black mirror beneath my blades. Were it possible to foresee weather of this nature, it would be worth while to go to Switzerland early for this pleasure alone. As it is, the lake-skating is generally over when the Christmas holiday crowds arrive, and they see naught, where the glassy surface was, but a flat plane of snow intersected by a few sleigh tracks and the trail of the ski.

dismayed; they look solid enough to spoil his sport. But in spite of their presence the skating is as good as ever. One can skate through them; they crush and crumble beneath the steel, and their destruction is so tremulous and faint that no appreciable drag on the skate's stroke can be felt. It is a pity so to spoil them, perhaps, but on a lake a mile or two long



G. R. Ballance.

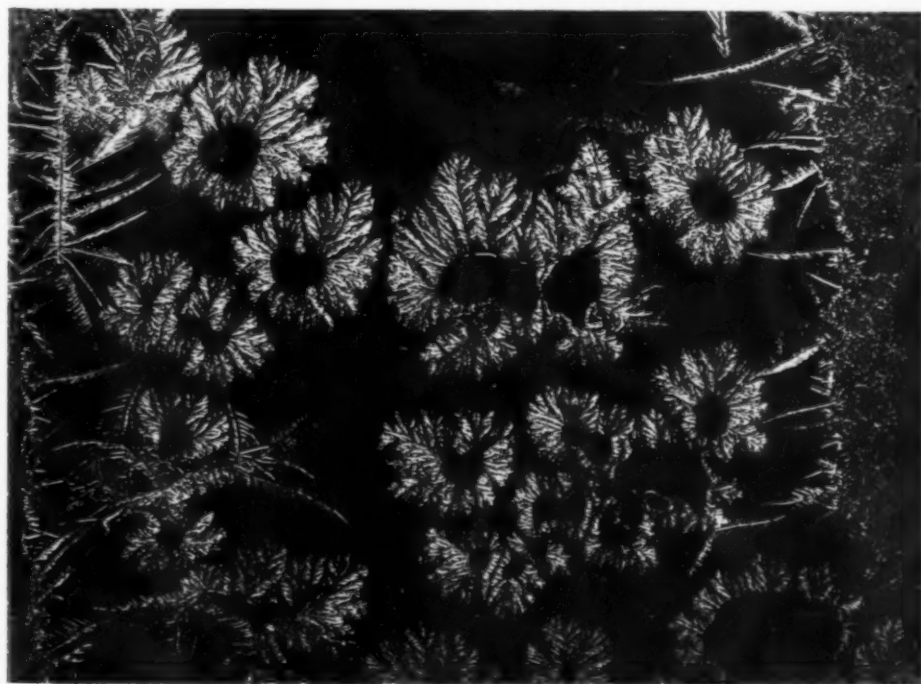
FERNS AND FAIRY LEAVES.

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there will be billions of frost-flowers still left whole at the end of the skater's day. And in any case some slight alteration in the temperature, some breath of breeze or tinge of humidity, may cause them silently to vanish into the thin air whence they were evolved.

The actual internal structure of lake ice is also far more beautiful than that of rink ice. The latter is a dense, non-translucent pavement. The former, resembling glass, has imperfections—cracks, wrinklins, enclosed weeds and the like—which cause it to present an infinite variety to the eye. When, in February or March, the thrifty Switzer is sawing out blocks of ice from his lake for preservation for the summer, one has a sectional view of this unique substance. The dripping block is lifted out of the water, and instead of being black or merely colourless it is wonderfully green, and the minute flaws in it make shining facets which no diamond could equal in brilliancy.

WARD MUIR.



G. R. Ballance.

ICE MARGUERITES.

Copyright.

Earlier, when the ice is new and before the snow has come, a fine sight is the formation on the ice of the frost-flowers—incidentally fragile, delicate, crystalline growths, which often cover a lake for miles and miles in close formation. The skater beholding his ice furred and encrusted with these lace-like blossoms an inch to three or four inches in height may be

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE GHENT EXHIBITION.

THE Board of Agriculture is performing good service in organising British exhibits at the Ghent Exhibition, and in preparation for it they have got together some astonishing facts about our export trade in livestock. This is valued at £1,500,000 a year, and as more countries recognise the value of improving their cattle and farm animals, our trade is capable of steady growth. That is why so much attention is being paid to the International exhibition. The display

will consist largely of photographs of the various types of British pedigree stock suitable for export, and an attendant will be in charge to explain the chief merits and points of interest of the breeds. Such information relating to milk yield, weight at various ages and food consumption as will appeal to the Continental farmer will be shown by diagrams and statistics. The most important section

of the trade is that in horses, of which 19,000 were exported from British farms and studs last year. The prices are calculated to astonish those who are not closely acquainted with the facts about pedigree stock. The Argentine bought 269 British-bred horses at an average price of £178 each, for instance, while the thirteen that went to Sweden averaged £250 each. The hackney is the most saleable type, and, with the hunter, makes up the majority of our exported horses. Heavy horses do not sell so well on the Continent, because each country has its own type; but a considerable number of Shires and Clydesdales go to Canada. In cattle and sheep there is a great opening. If kept uncrossed, a British breed of cattle will continue in its present form, whatever the conditions it may have to face. Added to which it is possible to find among our many breeds a type of animal adapted to any special surroundings or requirements. The Argentine remains still the best market for our cattle. The export of sheep to Australia has now practically ceased, because the Australian breeder has evolved a type of his own, and is, in fact, exporting in his turn. The Continent of Europe, however, is still almost an untouched field for British sheep. Mutton is very little eaten on the Continent, for the native breeds of sheep are essentially wool-bearing and not the best of meat producers; but where a demand for mutton has been temporarily created by advertisement it has persisted, and first-class British mutton has met with high favour. In all we exported 2,728 sheep for breeding in 1911, and only 984 of these went to European countries. Germany and Russia were our best customers.

MARKET GARDENING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Opening a little book almost at random, we find this statement: "The profitable plan of procedure in the twentieth century is to rent or purchase a few acres of old England and increase their productive capacity to the very highest point; then the next all-important step is to co-operate in the production and distribution of all produce, for it is both chaotic and costly for twenty or twenty-five market gardeners to go up and down the same street daily in the attempt to supply ten to fifteen houses with similar

kinds of garden produce." This is all very true, but to succeed, the man must have certain other qualifications. In the first place, he must know something about the craft and business of market gardening. It is useless for him to expect to make a livelihood unless he has gained the knowledge that will enable him to grow the stuff, and after growing the stuff he must have the capacity to sell it to advantage. There are, of course, various methods of qualifying. A man may serve under a market gardener, or he may attend a good horticultural school. By this he will avoid the expense incidental to early failures. Even then there are certain handicaps and advantages to be considered. A man with a family of willing workers stands a better chance, other things being equal, than one who has to depend on his own pair of hands. Market gardening gives employment of many kinds. The youngest child and the oldest man may find something to do in it; while children between the ages of ten and eighteen are most helpful. As soon as it becomes necessary to hire, success is more difficult of achievement. Then capital is required. Every form of cultivation demands a period of waiting from the time in which the seed is placed in the ground till the produce can be sold. But progress will be greatly facilitated if more capital is possessed than is needed for simple maintenance. Land responds willingly to good treatment, and good treatment may be divided into two kinds. There is the labour which consists principally in turning over the soil and removing the weeds, and there is the expense of nourishing the land and making it more fruitful. It is calculated by the writer of "The Market Garden: How to Start and Run it Profitably," published by C. Arthur Pearson, that for every acre he possesses, the market gardener should have a capital of £20 in hand after he has stocked the land and bought the requisite tools and implements. Almost of as much consequence as the man is the position of the garden. It is an amazing advantage to have it in close proximity to a good market, or, failing that, to a railway station whence plenty of goods trains run. The soil itself ought to be fertile and so placed as to be sheltered from the cold wind and to receive a full share of the heat of the sun.

BIG GAME AND THE CINEMATOGRAPH

OUR readers will not have forgotten the remarkable sketches of hunting in South Africa which we published in our issue for October 19th and the Christmas Number. They were drawn by Mr. Lionel Edwards from photographs by Mr. Paul Rainey, an American sportsman who carried out a great hunting trip in British East Africa for the purpose of hunting lions with dogs. It might have been thought a hopeless thing to take

with him a professional cinematograph operator, but he did so, with excellent results. These have formed the subject of many picture palace shows in America during the course of last year, and have now been brought to this country, where they were publicly exhibited on Friday, January 10th. They gave much delight to all present, and indeed it was a great feat to be able to transfer the wild life of the veldt to the inside of a London music-hall. The expedition, which started from Nairobi, was



THE BEAUTIFUL MISTRUSTFUL GIRAFFES.



RHINOS AT THE WATER POOLS.

directed to the best big-game district in British East Africa, and the cinematograph brought before the audience all the salient facts of safari. Very picturesque some of these incidents were. The baggage-laden natives, looking extremely pleased at having fallen on such a good job, were in themselves very picturesque, and so were the camels that bore the heavier burdens. We are sorry not to be able to show these animals fording a river, as that, though no extraordinary occurrence, was certainly one of the most striking, and an ox-wagon dragged across a hilly horizon in a wonderful light might have been the envy of any painter. But these sights are not by any means the most extraordinary.

The great achievement was to get cinematograph photographs of the lion-hunt. There were first what we may call the tufters put into the dongas to raise the game. They were shown working a cold scent that in process of time became a hot one. Then the hounds were put on and the lion brought to bay. We are told that he does not run very far, not more than a mile and a-half at the outside, before he stops to face his pursuers. In this instance one got a good view of his wild, wary face, half shrouded by undergrowth, as the dogs yelped round and showed an eagerness to attack tempered by natural prudence. Whether they could be trusted to kill their prey or not is a matter of doubt. They are said to have done so on one or two occasions. Mr. Rainey, who is very careful of his dogs, put an end to the struggle with his gun as a general rule. The hunt of the cheetah was even more exciting than that of the lion, as this animal seeks refuge in a tree. It is shown in one of our pictures at the very top, a growling and formidable

quarry to the two hounds, which, in their eagerness, actually clambered up and began to snap and yelp at him, whereupon the cheetah sprang to the ground and was speedily the centre of a vigorous attack. His plan of defence is to lie on his back and give vigorous play to his teeth and claws.

A considerable amount of trapping was done on the expedition, the steel traps being padded to prevent excessive pain or injury to the animals, whose destination was, of course, various zoological gardens. It was the least enjoyable part of the entertainment watching them struggle in the traps or being pushed into the sack or cage in which they were to be temporarily confined. Another picture was thrilling, but open to the same objection. This was the death of a rhino which had charged the camera. The operator, evidently a man of iron nerve, had calculated on its doing so, and asked that it should not be shot till he gave the signal. A second shot was deemed necessary, but the last twitching of the animal's ears might have been omitted without loss. To our mind the glory of the pictures is to be found in those of the water-holes when the animals were coming to drink. It was a splendid feat to obtain them, and necessitated a wait of three days in a

tree by the operator. He also brought into use several interesting devices, such as that of making a false "hide" for the purpose of accustoming the animals to his paraphernalia. Those water-holes, and the drinking of the innumerable animals that visit them, have been described more than once in our pages, among others by Mr. Bryden; but words could give no description equal to that of the camera. The animals that flock in from



CHEETAH FOLLOWED UP A TREE BY DOGS.

the desert to drink these waters appear to agree to a certain truce during the period of refreshment. At the same time, they do not trust one another implicitly. The weak makes way for the strong with prudent promptitude. An excellent opportunity is afforded of studying these animals in their freedom. What struck one most about them was the lightness and grace of their tread. We are accustomed to look on the

elephant as a clumsy animal, and its limbs look peculiarly awkward as it trails them along an English road; but the family singled out for the purpose of the cinematograph showed, from the baby up to the oldest, a lightness of tread and an admirable grace. But the animals that excelled all the others in grace and beauty were the giraffes. Our photograph does not do justice to them because, instantaneous though the work of the camera may be, it cannot transfer motion to paper, and those animals which had probably come forty to fifty miles to drink at the water-hole were as restless as they were beautiful.

The male came down first, the more timid female appearing to hang back till she had received his assurance that all was safe. A shy and sensitive creature he is, ever cocking his ear at a sound or sight that appears strange to him, such as the clicking of the cinema, bending his long neck and making every movement with most exquisite grace. The female was not very long in appearing, and was even more mistrustful than the male. But no doubt the presence of so many other animals lent them assurance, just as the rhino feels safe as



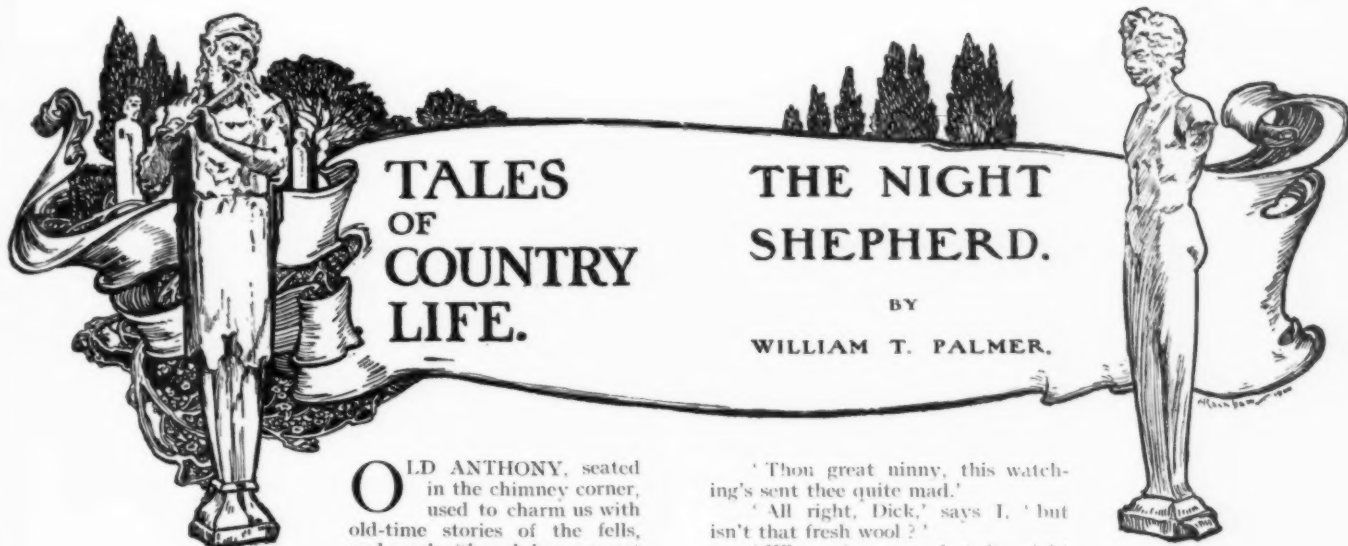
THE WATER-TRUCE.

long as the birds continue pecking at his skin. There are two motions of the giraffe which are particularly interesting. One is his kicking, for which the lesser animals appear to have a profound respect. They get out of the way of it as soon as they observe the preliminary crouching of his knee. The other is his method of drinking, which is to spread out his front legs and thus lower his body so that his mouth may

get more easily to the water. Several rhinos were seen drinking, and showed signs that very little was needed to tempt them to an indulgence of their aggressive habits; but they did not fight on this occasion, although one of those photographed showed a gash on its side which had evidently been made by a larger rival. At a respectful distance from each other they departed to a wood which glimmered in the distance like some timbered waste in fairy tale. We greatly doubt if there is any other place in the world where so much wild life could be seen in so short a time as at one of those water-holes. Not only were there great carnivora and other mammals, but huge flocks of birds fluttered down to assuage their thirst before departing again to the desert. Mr. Rainey's achievement, then, is a very extraordinary one that would have scarcely occurred to any but an American brain. He is a pioneer in what is likely to prove a fruitful field of activity in the future, because what one man can do others can do also, and the studies of wild life brought from Africa are so very attractive that somebody is bound to attempt to procure more of them.



THE LION AT BAY.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE NIGHT SHEPHERD.

BY
WILLIAM T. PALMER.

OLD ANTHONY, seated in the chimney corner, used to charm us with old-time stories of the fells, and rarely (though he was past ninety) could one suspect that he was mistaken in any point of observation. He might have remembered the days when death was the inevitable punishment of sheep-stealing. And this is a story of his, told in the peat-reck when a big storm howled round the steading.

"One never hears of a night shepherd being caught driving somebody else's sheep, that's certain. But I remember a case which came pretty near it. Sheep, a score at a time, had been missed all summer, and it was with long faces that we brought down the flocks for winter. Everybody was badly short—even the parson's lot had not been left alone. And that roused him, as I never saw parson roused before or since. He called us all to church on a Sunday, and preached a sermon right against the thief which beat all we ever heard, and he had psalms and hymns and Bible readings to match. But the sermon didn't stop it, for very next morning parson was another eighteen short, even though they were pasturing in the churchyard. The dale was up in arms, and every night shepherds watched the passes and the roads. Parson went quite mad, and put three or four of the wastrels of the dale into gaol, for he was a magistrate, but that didn't better things at all. Aye, one might have thought it impossible to drive silently a score of sheep, but they went, however. What mazed us most was that every now and then a dozen or so sheep were found wandering about the fellsides—they had been missed two or three days, but here they were as if nothing had chanced them. My brother Dick came to me and said:

'Anthony, where have those sheep of ours been?'

'How do I know, thou calf-scope.'

'I'll tell thee they haven't been far away.'

'Shaff on such rubbish; anybody can tell that.'

'Then tell me where they have been? There's been somebody on the road every night, others at the dale foot and one or two at every pass, and yet—where and how do they go?'

As that question had been bothering the lot of us since shearing-time, it wasn't likely that it could be answered off-hand now. But, however, one thing struck me—and it had struck every man in the dale weeks before, so they said: If the sheep were really going—and who could doubt it?—it must be by some track which we never used and which nobody was watching. Next morning was fine for January, and I was off before light on to the tops. There had been a bit of snow through the night, and I was sure that if I walked from one end of the fells right round to the other I would find the tracks of any sheep that had been moved. I walked my hardest up and down those hills, but never a track could I see. It was that dark afore I got to the top of Steulbreak that I couldn't go on, so I made my ways as quick as I could into the bottom. And in the lownd still of the night I heard the bleating of sheep. I waited about a bit, and it came in fits and starts, never clear enough to make sure, so I thought my ears had played me false, and followed on my way home. I told Dick what I had heard, but, to be sure, he wouldn't believe me, though he would go round the fell with me. Beside, at darkening a thick mist had come right down to the door of the house, and it was little good trying to look for anything in that.

When morning came it was raining hard, so we didn't get away. That night nobody's sheep went a-wanting, so Dick thought me rare and silly. But mappen I wasn't. The first fine day saw me away up the other side of the dale to see if anything could pass over the fells there. And till about dinner-time I could see nothing which looked as though sheep had passed. There was never a print on either peat or soft place. I got to the top of Steulbreak—it was a bonny clear day, there wasn't a cloud to be seen, the ground hard but not a bit of snow—when I came across a lock of fresh wool. That made certain sure this way was being used, but how, without a balloon, could anyone get a flock up? Steulbreak crags are straight up. Then I broke out into a sweat—if anybody was bad enough to bring sheep up there, they would be ill folks to meet. I looked all round, but there was nobody, and all the way from there to the pass I looked mighty sharp about me. Sheep up Steulbreak crags!—why, Dick laughed fit to split.

'Thou great ninny, this watching's sent thee quite mad.'

'All right, Dick,' says I, 'but isn't that fresh wool?'

'Why, of course, but it might be taken up by a raven or a buzzard or a dawk or even a fox, for there's plenty of dead sheep about the hillside.'

But as we were making a dive across the breast of the hill, instead of wandering around by the fell-road, we came to the spot where I had stopped on the other night, and it was Dick that heard the bleating of sheep. And he stuck there near on half-an-hour trying to make out where the sound was, for even a shepherd is often puzzled in a deep, narrow and rocky dale like ours. Then we came on home.

Next morning there had been snow, and Dick, as keen as me, rushed off to the top of Steulbreak as soon as it was light. But just as we were climbing the last steep bit a squall of snow came on and we were glad to get down again alive. We had said nothing to anybody about what we thought, and since the parson had locked up Joe Swainson the poacher three days gone there had been no sheep missing. Everybody thought that Joe had a big hand in the job, but, however, another night a dozen sheep were missing out of a pasture about halfway down the dale. So it wasn't Joe, it seemed. Dick and I had spent every good day about the fell, but could find nothing, and were getting tired of what looked like a wild-goose chase. However, with this next lot going we set off like deer to the top of the fell, and there was nought to be seen at all. Dick walked down to where the edge falls straight down to the dale, just to look at where there had once been a wall to keep the sheep from tumbling down. After a bit I went as well, and it struck me to follow this ledge down a bit. In a few yards I found tracks of a man on the soft bits of soil—the ledge had been passed lately. It didn't take many minutes to be out of that. I didn't fancy meeting a body on that bit—it was less than a yard wide and sloped off so that one could see nearly down into the dale bottom from between one's toes. Dick was waiting.

'Why, man, thou's white as a clout. Has thou seen a boggle?'

But he was nervous as well as I when I told him what I had struck on. And we off down home as fast as we dare go, but we padded the top bit of path with some moss so that we could see to-morrow if anybody had passed. I wanted to keep right away from the crags—one couldn't see anything, but a stone could easily be dropped on us. Dick wasn't unwilling either; then he saw something white come down the rocks.

'Hold away home, Ant., and let us get guns and some more folk. There's surely somebody been murdered and stripped and thrown down.'

Didn't we go! And when my father wanted us to go back, I can assure you we weren't sharp on the job. But, however, with a few neighbours with guns we felt safer, and off we went. When we got to the bottom of the crags there was a dead sheep there, and it was mashed up a sight to see. However, Willie Dixon knew it as one of his lot which had been taken the night before, and we felt sure we were on the right road at last. Why, there was for ever of hoof-tracks right up to the crags, and they all turned in at one rive which looked like a steep staircase for a bit but narrowed right out to nothing at the top. Up this we all climbed. When we got, maybe, a hundred feet up there was a ledge out to the right, on which were marks of sheep—and then all ended in straight cliff above and below and a wall of rock in front. This was the 'sneck posset' with a vengeance. But Dick had gotten up the other side of the gully and crossed right above our heads where it had come narrow. I went up and found him on a goodish ledge, which looked likely to take us along the front of the crags a bit. With guns in our hands we crept whistly round the corner. There was nobody in sight, but right below in a hole in the crags were packed a dozen sheep. Three sides they were held in by crags and on the other a wall had been built—it hadn't been quite high enough to stop Willie Dixon's ewe, which had trailed a clog for a year to stop its jumping fences into other folk's grass. This, then, was where the sheep were kept, but how they were to be taken away still beat us. Anyway, if we kept near we were pretty sure to catch the night shepherds. We crept carefully back, then clambered down to the big ledge. We didn't tell everybody what we had seen, so they

guessed that there was no way on. But after we had got a bit down the fell we told father and Willie Dixon and a couple or so more, and arranged to come back as soon as it was dark, and with a rope get down to the sheep. There we should wait for daylight or the night shepherds.

It was a ticklish job groping up the big stair of rocks and a worse getting up the ghyll, but in about an hour the six of us were on the little ledge. The rope first let-down Dick and then myself. Now began the worst job of all. The night shepherds knew these rocks and we didn't, and we hadn't the slightest idea which way they would come. They might be sure of a warm reception if they tried the stair, for Willie Dixon was there with his gun nearly full of bullets and old iron. After groping away on the dowly rocks for holds, it nearly made one jump to see how clear the other side of the dale was lit up with moonlight, and the great dark crag above stuck up into the bright sky like a bad thing. It was enough to flay Old Nick. And it was cold. At first the sheep made a bit of stir, then they quieted down. And, gun in hand, we waited.

Then, when we were that cramped that we near screamed with pain, we heard a scraping, faint and far, and one or two little bits of stone came rattling down. We felt at our rope and there was no weight on it, so it wasn't father or one of the others coming. The night shepherd seemed very slow, but in a bit he came into sight right above us. He was just like a big bat clinging on the rocks. The last bit he dropped like a shot, landing on top of the sheep and not seeing us at all. He seized hold of one by the fleece and in a second was off up the straight crags with it.

'Next time,' whispered Dick. And sure enough when he came swinging down again Dick got his legs and plumped him down head first among the sheep. What happened next I don't rightly know. I collared the chap by the neck, and sheep were jumping about and bleating fearful. Then a bit of the wall tipped over, and away the lot of them crashed, sixty feet on to the scree below, and were mashed to bits. We were still fast to our rope, and that hindered our following. As for the night shepherd, we had him all right, and in a minute my father slid down our rope. He could hear us though we didn't hear him, and we roped up our man. We didn't know at all who we had gotten.

The sheep stealer's rope had caught in a bit of a rock, and although his mates might be pulling, it didn't budge an inch. That likely saved us from having our man lifted up out of our hands while we were wrestling with him. Then my father looked up, and, by gum, right atween us and the sky was another fellow creeping down the rope.

'What's up, Rob,' he said; 'couldn't thou get the rope loose?' Father had him by the legs by this, and down he came plump on top of us. Three to one isn't good odds for any man, and he was soon beside his mate. Whether a third man would have ventured himself I can't tell, for next minute Willie Dixon let drive with his charge of bullets and old iron right up the crags. He had seen something stirring high up and wasn't waiting. We heard shouting up there, but nothing else happened, and in a while we lowered our two prisoners, fast as they were, right down the rocks to the others. We came down the long sheep ropes, leaving them fastened to the rocks till morning.

Of course, as parson was a magistrate, we had to take the men to him; but hector and threaten as he would, they would tell nothing. Sheep-stealing was a hanging matter, one said. But in a little talk I had with them they were quite decent, though never a name, neither their own or anybody else's, would they give. It seemed that they got the sheep one night up to the crags, then another night came down the rope and carried them over the rocky summit of Steulbreak, leaving no marks for anybody to follow. But where the sheep went they would not tell.

When they came to be tried we all went to the Assizes, and our men stood quiet and would say nothing until the old judge got mad and sentenced them to be hung. A lot of our dalesfolks would have brought them back here and fastened them up on the crags; but, after all, the old judge said they had to die outside the county gaol. And that was the end of the worst night shepherds I ever heard of."

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

GOLDEN PLOVER.

THERE are few more beautiful sights in winter than a big "stand" of golden plover, flying, as they often do, in V-shaped formation, the various members of the flock shifting their direction with marvellous unison, celerity and neatness, and uttering those wild and mournful cries for which this species is especially notable. Lately, while sojourning in the West Country, I had the opportunity of watching some very large flights of these birds on the shores of the Severn Sea, that great estuary which affords a peculiarly favourable winter resort for these and other wading birds. In a mild winter like the present the golden plover is spread over many inland places; but it is a delicate species, and withstands hard weather very ill, and so soon as severe frost and snow set in it deserts those moist haunts in which it loves to find a feeding-ground and goes South to localities where it can still eke out existence.

CONNECTION OF PLOVERS WITH RAIN.

For long ages throughout Europe this and the lapwing plover have been associated with the approach of wild and stormy weather.

The very name *plover* in old French and *pluvier* in modern French denote a rainy origin. The scientific name, *Charadrius pluvialis*, hints at a similar connection. The German designation, *Regen-pfeifer* (rain-piper) has exactly the same significance. Many of our English names are almost precisely similar to the German, and the common name for the golden plover all over Germany is *der Gold Regen-pfeifer*. The French name *Pluvier-doré* is precisely the same. In our own name for the bird is shown rather quaintly our Norman and Saxon blend, for we take one word, "golden" from the German, the other, "plover," from the French. The "rainy" connection always attributed to the plover is especially justified in the case of the golden plover. This species and, in perhaps a slightly less degree, the lapwing are peculiarly restless and disturbed before the approach of storms, and their wild notes are never more conspicuous than at such seasons. I have often noted the approach of storms in this way. I remember well in August, 1905, large flights of golden and green plover passing over at night with shrill and mournful cries, the wild notes of the golden species were especially to be remarked. Within a few hours, to be precise, on the 26th of that month, we were visited by heavy gales, which set in with much wind and rain and occasional thunder. For two or three days these violent gales persisted, and the mournful prophecies of the plovers were borne out with absolute accuracy.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION.

Golden plover still nest in considerable numbers in many of the higher and wilder parts of Britain, especially on Exmoor, the Welsh moorlands and those of Derbyshire and the northern English counties. Northward throughout Scotland, from the Border to Sutherland and Caithness, this bird is found in suitable localities as a breeding species. It is very common in the Hebrides, Orkneys and Shetlands, where the nature of the terrain is exactly suited to its habits. The same remark applies to the wilder parts of Ireland, where both as a breeding bird and winter visitant it is very familiar. Northward this plover ranges as far as Greenland, Jan Mayen, Nova Zemla, Iceland, the Faroes and the whole of Northern Europe, where immense numbers nest and bring up their young in the swampy mosses and "tundras" to which they are so much attached. The golden plover ranges eastward in Northern Asia as a breeding species as far as the Yenesei River, from whence it is replaced by the lesser golden plover (*C. dominicus*), a species which has very rarely found its way to Britain, and then as a mere wanderer only. In North Europe also this bird nests in Germany, Luxemburg, Brabant and Switzerland. As a winter migrant the "whistling plover," as it is often called by our rural sportsmen, travels far and wide over the world, ranging eastward along the Mediterranean to Turkestan, Baluchistan and even Sind in the Indian Peninsula. Southward it occurs in Madeira and penetrates far into Africa.

SOME PLUMAGE AND OTHER NOTES.

Those casual observers who have seen this plover hanging up in the poulterers' shops in winter would find much difficulty in recognising the same bird in its spring breeding plumage. In winter the upper parts of the plumage are blackish, thickly spotted with shining yellow; the under parts are white, with dusky, yellowish brown upon the breast. In spring the adult male assumes his courting plumage, and is vastly different. The under parts are then a deep, glossy black, the forehead is white, and, continuing from behind the eye, a clear, spotless white band runs down the side of the neck, thence forming a band along either side of the breast; this white band runs along the flanks, sharply separating the black breast and stomach from the mottled upper plumage. The change from the winter to the nuptial spring plumage is, to those who have been previously unacquainted with it, an extraordinary contrast. The hen bird shows somewhat less black on the breast and under parts than the male during this period.

METHODS OF CAPTURING GOLDEN PLOVER.

Golden plover seem to me to have much less wariness and cunning than their cousins the peewits. They are shot in very large numbers at times with the stanchion gun, and even the ordinary gunner, armed with a twelve-bore, can, by judicious stalking, make occasionally fairly good bags with them. Larger numbers are taken by professional fowlers with nets in Holland and Ireland, and from these captures result the strings of golden plover which are to be seen in Leadenhall Market and elsewhere. In a mild winter in Ireland many thousands are thus netted, and Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey has stated in his delightful book, "The Fowling in Ireland," that a single wildfowler, an adept at this method of capture, has taken twenty pounds' worth of golden and green plovers in a week's netting. In France and Northern Germany large numbers of these birds are also taken by various devices, in which nets play a principal part. H. A. BRYDEN.

FALCONRY: THE FLIGHT AT GROUSE

NO one who knows anything about grouse will be surprised to hear that the flight at them requires a very fine hawk. There is every reason to suppose that the old Scottish falconers—including James I. and his ancestors—used mostly ger-tiercels, *i.e.*, males of the magnificent species known to naturalists as ger-falcons, for this flight. In these degenerate days we cannot get ger-falcons, except by a rare chance, and must be content with the smaller but still eminently courageous and powerful peregrines. Of these latter the "falcons," or females, are occasionally strong and plucky enough to persevere with the difficult task set them on the moors, although success even with them must be regarded as rather the exception than the rule. But of the tiercels, or males, it may safely be said that, as a rule, although the best of them are perfectly good performers at partridges, the flight at grouse is beyond their powers. It must, therefore, be regarded as a most notable fact that the peregrine tiercel of which we here give a portrait achieved quite a brilliant series of victories during the past season over this difficult quarry, and made the handsome score of thirty-two

It will be seen that, in the first place, she is in the immature plumage of her first year, having been hacked on "the Plain" in the early summer, and only "taken up" just in time to be prepared for the campaign in the North of Scotland on the Twelfth. Her usual habit was not to mount to the portentous heights to which the older hawk attained. Not apparently by reason of any laziness on her part, or from ignorance of the advantage which a high "pitch" gives to a game-hawk, but because on a grouse moor the quarry do not commonly rise at such long distances from the dog which is pointing them as the partridges of an open country. Consequently, as the space of heath-covered country out of which the grouse might be expected to get up was much smaller than the extent of down or stubble or roots out of which the partridge might rise, it was not so necessary, as a rule, to make the pitch so high over the Scotch moor as over the comparatively bare Wiltshire Plain. But on a very windy day this falcon—so as to be ready for all emergencies—would rise to much greater heights. This falcon also picked up with marvellous rapidity a knowledge of the tricks and devices to which grouse resort when hard



ANNA PAVLOVA.
An eyess falcon, score 61 grouse.



LUNDY III.
A tiercel, score 32 grouse.

before his career as a trusty servant of mankind was unfortunately cut short by his election to cast in his lot with the wild peregrines of the district in which he had been working so well. This very fine hawk was an "eyess," taken as a nestling from an island eyrie which has long been famous for the excellence of the peregrines therein produced. He had learnt, during several seasons in Wiltshire, the art of mounting to very great heights while waiting on for partridges, at which he was as deadly as any game-hawk which has been seen in England within the memory of man. In fact, he had by constant practice become so clever that the only complaint ever made by spectators who saw him fly was that the capture of the partridge was "too easy." It will be readily understood that his long career of success over the comparatively easy quarry was not in all respects the best for qualifying him to persevere at one so much bigger, stronger and more speedy. Moreover, the facilities for escape from the deadly stoop are much more numerous and more likely to discourage a hawk on a Highland moor than any which are to be found in an English partridge country.

The falcon Anna, of whom we also give a portrait, was in many respects quite unlike her distinguished brother-in-arms.

pressed. This knowledge, and the superior strength and speed with which she was naturally gifted as a falcon, enabled her during the season to make a score not far short of twice as great as that of the tiercel. Expert falconers will, however, probably be of the opinion that of the two scores that of the tiercel affords an even more striking subject for boasting than that of the falcon.

Grouse-hawking is not only a more difficult but also a more interesting sport than the other branch of game-hawking. Not only because the tactics of the grouse are more varied and the flights more full of incident, but because the co-operation of the hawk flown with the dogs employed below is a more essential part of the day's proceedings. In the past campaign the task of the former was rendered much more easy by the services of some very excellent setters, which found the grouse for them not only before they were thrown off to wait on, but after a "put in," while the hawk, knowing exactly what the dogs were intended to do, waited on with admirable patience while the hiding-place of the fugitive was located and the lurking bird dislodged. It would be hopeless to attempt the flight at grouse unless the falconer was aided by first-class setters. And the work which has to be done by the men themselves

will put the most active of them to the test. Flights, notwithstanding all the efforts of men, dogs and hawks, are often long; the kills take place out of sight; the grouse put in where there are scores of sheltering-places, each one of which may contain the hidden bird. The hawks must be so high fed,

in order to cope with so strong a foe, that there is always an exceptional risk of their "taking to the soar," and while cruising about in the upper air joining company with one or more of the wild peregrines, who seem to take a spiteful pleasure in luring them away from their lawful masters. *ÆSALON.*

ON RIDING TO HOUNDS.—III.



PICKING HIMSELF UP.

SOME years ago there was a spirited controversy as to whether there was or was not an art in falling; that is, could a man, by taking thought and prompt action, mitigate the results of a bad fall? A good deal depends upon the point of view from which we regard the actions

of the man who is in the act of falling. Everyone, when he feels a fall to be inevitable, has two points in his mind—one, to escape with as little injury to himself as possible; the other, not to lose his connection with his horse. There is always a chance that, by clinging to a horse till the last moment, and even by keeping hold of the bridle, as we were always instructed to do in our youth, the fall may be increased in severity. As

a rule, our worst injuries are occasioned by the horse falling upon us, or striking us in his efforts to regain his feet. Horses differ in this respect; some would as soon put their foot upon you as not, while if the fall is in very soft and boggy ground, most horses will use their rider's body in order to regain their feet. The

worst, the most dangerous and the most unavoidable fall is occasioned by a horse putting his foot in a hole or crossing his legs in the open. He is almost certain in this case to fall over his rider, and one rarely escapes from a fall of this kind without being considerably hurt. On the other hand, a fall at a fence is not so bad except at timber at which we are riding slowly, and over which a horse is extremely likely to send his rider



SAVING A FALL.

first and then roll over on the top of him. There is very little warning of a fall at timber, whereas if we are riding at a hedge and ditch we very often have some warning, and occasionally have a chance of getting out of the way of a horse before the fall is quite completed. The same is still more true of a banking country. We necessarily ride slowly at banks, and both the nature of the fence and the pace at which we are going give us an opportunity of getting out of a horse's way if he makes a mistake. The most dangerous kind of fall in a banking country

is where a horse misses his hold on the bank and slips back again on to his rider on the take-off side. There have always been two schools of riders in the hunting-field—those who go fast at their fences and those who go slowly. A bad rider—that is to say, a man with a loose seat—is probably less likely to hurt himself if he goes fast at his fences. If the horse pecks or falls, the rider will be shot out of his seat very often and, by the force of the pace he was going, clear of his horse. The better rider a man is, in the sense of having a very good seat, and being able to stick close to his horse in times of difficulty, the more he will hurt himself when he gets a bad fall. On the other hand, a good horseman will save a very large proportion of what would have been falls with a less skilful rider. I think all of us must be able to recall to mind many occasions when by sitting still



COMING BACK.

and giving a horse free use of his head we have escaped from apparently certain disaster. Suppose, for example, that a horse lands over a wide ditch, and owing to not having had sufficient pace, or having miscalculated his distance, he is balanced on the edge. Will he slip back or will he recover himself if we sit still and keep our hands down? Especially if he is a young horse very likely he will recover, and we shall find ourselves sailing on, having lost the least possible ground. But if, on the other hand, the horse fails and rolls back into the

ditch, the chances are that we shall find ourselves underneath him. If, then, we are wedged in a ditch with the horse on top of us and unable to help ourselves, and some friendly countryman or others come to our assistance, they should be instructed not to pull at the horse's head, but to put a stirrup leather round his neck and, attaching to it either a rope or another stirrup leather, to drag him out by the neck. This is by far the most effectual way; it will not hurt the horse and it will probably free the man without injury. If, however, the rider is lying between the horse's hind legs, then Lord Lonsdale's plan of strapping the hind legs together, so that the horse cannot strike out in extricating the rider, is the best. But we have wandered from the subject of falls to their consequences; let us return then to the man whose



CHANCING THE TOP BINDER.

horse, with a mighty struggle, has saved a fall. The horse will be somewhat blown by the combined effort of leaping the fence and struggling out of the difficulty. The prudent rider will look out for a bit of hard going and take a pull in order to give his horse a chance to catch his wind.

There are people who profess to be more or less indifferent to falls, and even to think that man or horse is benefited by a fall. But a fall is always more or less a serious matter, and I have in a lengthy hunting experience known many good men whose hunting careers and even their lives have been shortened by the falls which they have accepted quite cheerfully at the time. The right attitude of mind towards falls in the hunting-field is not to think of them at all if we can help it, to take the fences as they come in our line with as little fuss as possible, keeping our eyes and our minds on the hounds we have come out to see, and riding fairly so as not to press them, yet so as to obtain the inside turn. The connection of this last precept with falling is that if we can turn inside the hounds, we can often get that pull on our horse which, by enabling him to catch his wind, makes all the difference between a fall and a successful crossing of the country. Horses fall because they are blown as often as for any other reason. It may be noted that in those grass countries in which hounds run fastest the eyes should always be open for a turn in order to save the horse. It will most likely come.

In a grass country where the coverts are small, a fox, except when he is running up wind to an earth he knows, will seldom run straight. The fact is that a fox found in a small gorse or spinney starts with the horses close behind him, and is almost bound to turn or be caught, whereas a fox from a big wood has time to get on his legs, and generally manages, if he is a fox of experience, to obtain a good start at the beginning. Hence in grass countries the start is so valuable, as it enables us to give the horse a better chance by taking advantage of even momentary pauses. But there are certain inevitable causes of falls, and the first and foremost is the combination (not uncommon) of bad hands and weak nerves. Even the best men will tell you that when they fall it is more their fault in many cases than that of their horses, and I would advise, if a man has bad hands and is not quite sure of his nerve, that he should leave the horse's mouth alone. The Lord Forester who was for twenty-seven years Master of the Belvoir, and who made such long days that Dick Christian says that he and Will Goodall thought nothing of finding a fox by moonlight, had very few falls, yet kept his nerve and his place in the hunting-field for thirty years. Nimrod says, and probably with truth, that his success and safety lay in the way Lord Forester put his horses at their fences.

Then there is a fruitful source of falls which is rather the result of shortness of purse than want of nerve or skill. The man who rides horses not fully up to his weight is almost certain to come to grief sooner or later. It is a most tempting thing when one happens to own an otherwise charming horse, light in hand, free in his paces, bold at his fences, but not up to the weight he has to carry, to keep him instead of selling him. Yet it is only a question of time when one of two things will happen; either you break the horse down or he gives you a tremendous fall. This latter, with a well-bred but over-weighted horse, generally comes about in one of the following ways. The first, the simplest and the commonest happens because the rider has not done what he knows to be right, and gone home early. If a man riding a good horse which he knows is not up to his weight makes short days, he can postpone the evil day for a long time; but so surely as he stays out too long, sooner or later the horse will, from sheer leg-weariness, either cross its legs or fail to recover itself from a severe peck or stumble, and it will roll over its rider the more effectively the greater its weariness. A tired horse has a hopeless sort of way of rolling over you which is unmistakable and very damaging. The other way in which an overweighted horse betrays us is when ridden too slowly at a fence, especially when the ground is deep. In this case he fails from sheer want of power to lift his rider over. A horse not up to one's weight will clear a fence better if ridden pretty sharply at it when fairly fresh. If, however, determined to have a horse which can carry us, we buy either a big, under-bred horse or a good old horse, *i.e.*, a hard-worked, hard-ridden hunter, over ten years old, we shall have our share of bad falls all the same, since these kinds of horses will often make no effort to avoid a fall. Indeed, if we search the records of the past for men who rode hard or were often in the first flight, we shall find that they were either consummate horsemen or had perfect horses. The first Lord Forester, mentioned above, bought his horses in Shropshire, his native county, where horses of mixed thorough-bred and Welsh pony extraction were being constantly made into hunters by the young squires and farmers over a country which is not too difficult but often

trappy, and teaches a horse to use his eyes and his feet and to take care of himself and rider. Then Lord Forester would not buy a horse unless it had lengthy, well-laid shoulders and well-placed head and neck. We may recollect this in buying a horse, that unless he so carries his head that a fine hand can direct the restraint and support of the bit on the right part of the mouth and at the right angle, it is little use to talk of fine hands. A ewe-necked, light-mouthed horse, with his head in the air, twisted a little on one side, will defy the best of horsemen; so will the bull-necked brute with his head between his knees or back on his chest. Lord Forester liked fetlocks with an easy slope, rather too long than too short (in which I heartily agree with him), well-formed hind legs and open feet, and knowing better than to confound strength with size, his horses seldom exceeded 15h. 2in.

To sum up the whole matter, the number and severity of our falls depend much on the quality of our horses and the state of our nerves. It is not, however, sufficient to buy a good horse that is a known performer in other hands; we must be sure he suits us, and, what is even more important, is suited by our style of handling. A horse is of no use unless we can ride him. By which I mean, not, of course, a capability of staying on his back, but of handling him so that he will gallop kindly and jump safely over a country. After all, how many people hunt and how comparatively few fall at all, while of these but a very small proportion are hurt when they "take a tone." A certain hard-riding whipper-in often fell, but never hurt himself. At last a horse rolled over him. The man got up and limped after his horse, muttering, "Well, *now* I be hurt!" And this incident reminds me that a man of temperate habits and hard condition will stand a great deal of knocking about without hurting himself seriously.

The best thing is never to fall; the next best is to be prepared for it. The most effective way to avoid the consequences of falling is to keep one's self fit enough to ride a three-mile steeplechase. How fit that is, those who have essayed to do this and felt like rolling off at the last fence—as, indeed, I once saw a gallant cavalry soldier do when winning easily—can have no difficulty in realising. One of the old-time sportsmen—at the moment I forget which—used to say that to ride really well and to be a horseman a man should live in the saddle. In this respect our predecessors had the advantage of us that they rode and walked of necessity far more than we do. Motor-cars, motor-bicycles and even the ordinary bicycle do not help us to become horsemen. We spend less and less time in the saddle. I knew a fine cavalry soldier and polo player (killed, alas! in the South African War) who thought nothing of riding from Melton to Wardley Wood, which is, I should think, a good fifteen miles, on a polo pony, and back again in the evening. Nowadays, he would use a motor. I have myself constantly ridden sixteen miles out and twenty-two home on the road for many weeks in succession, that being the only way to reach the best part of the country I lived in. This constant saddle-work gives an ease and confidence in the saddle that nothing else can, besides keeping one in that hard condition which defies the effects of falls. X.

BOAR-HUNTING BY MOONLIGHT.

(FROM SKETCHES MADE IN SPAIN BY THE ARTIST, AND INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MR ABEL CHAPMAN, AUTHOR OF "WILD SPAIN," ETC.)

PIG-STICKING as practised in India is commonly accounted one of the riskiest forms of the chase, but there is at least one other method of hunting the wild boar which eclipses it in danger. In Estremadura, a wild province of Spain, it is the custom during the autumn season to chase the wild boars which come from the sierras and mingle with the herds of domestic swine that are turned loose to batten on the fallen acorns and chestnuts.

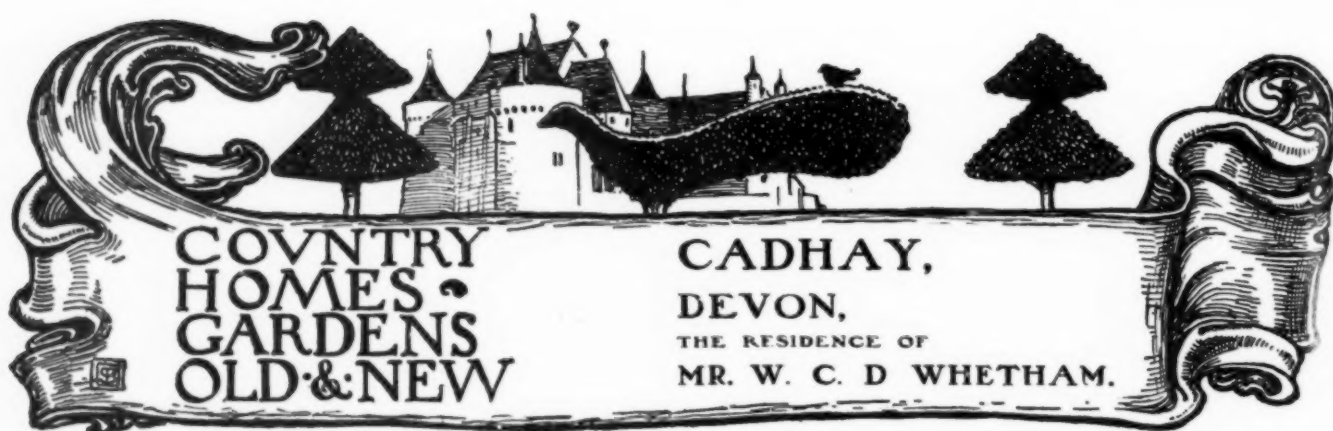
The sport takes place at midnight, by the light of the moon, the horsemen being accompanied by two kinds of dog—the *podenco*, ordinarily used in the chase, and the *alano*, which is a cross between bulldog and mastiff. On the former giving tongue, the latter, which have previously been held in leash, are slipped, their function being to overtake and hold the boar to bay until the horsemen can come up. The chase is of the most wildly exciting description, for the danger attending a gallop through dense timber in the deceptive moonlight can be readily imagined. The boar, too (unless, as sometimes happens, the dogs have rounded up a domestic animal), proves generally true to the traditions of his race, and seldom succumbs to the steel before inflicting some damage upon the dogs, if not upon the hunters or their mounts.



Lionel Edwards, A.R.C.A.

COCERIA A LA RONDA

Drawn by



OF the Cadhays of Cadhay, near Ottery St. Mary, very little is known. They owned the manor early in the fourteenth century, but the name died with Johanna, an heiress, who married Hugh Grenville. Their only grandchild and heir, Joan, became the wife of John Haydon, whose family was seated at Woodbury, ten miles away. It is likely that the home of the Cadhays occupied in part the site of the present house, but Haydon could not have begun to build until after 1545, the year when the collegiate foundation of Ottery St. Mary was dissolved. The fabric of Cadhay contains many fragments of masonry and carving which are clearly ecclesiastical. John Haydon was a prominent man in local affairs as well as an eminent London lawyer. He built a bridge between the town of Ottery and Cadhay, and was the first Governor of the new Church Corporation appointed to succeed the Warden and Canons in parish affairs. It is therefore natural enough that he should have got from the Commissioners some of the materials of the College buildings which were often disposed of at the price of an old song.

Haydon died in 1587, and the building of his house can therefore be placed definitely between 1545 and that year. In 1820 Risdon in his "Survey of Devon" wrote of Cadhay that "John Haydon, Esquire, sometime Bencher of Lincoln's Inn . . . built there a fair new house and enlarged his demesnes," but, unfortunately, gives us no details. Haydon belonged to an old Devon family and built strictly in the local way. The house consists of a closed courtyard, but it would appear, from the existence of straight masonry joints at the points where the south side joins the east and west parts of the quadrangle and from a change in roof construction, that Haydon left that side open, in which case the chief entrance would have been through the middle door on the north side of the present courtyard. The fabric generally is of Salcombe sandstone with dressings from the famous quarry of Beer, which supplied the stone for Exeter Cathedral, and probably the east, west and north faces of what is now the courtyard were treated in the same way as the east front, which is unchanged since John Haydon's time. As Haydon left Cadhay, the hall on the north side was carried up two storeys to the splendid





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STAIRCASE TURRET ON EAST SIDE

"COUNTRY LIFE."

timber roof, which has survived only in mutilated fashion. Where a later masonry arcade now stands he doubtless set up a fair timber screen with a gallery over. Westwards were the servants' quarters, and the great kitchen probably occupied the space now divided into pantry, servants' hall and stores. To the east were the withdrawing-rooms, and above them the family sleeping apartments, reached by the same circular stair in the turret on the east front. The long gallery on the first floor at the south side was a feature of the increased luxury of house-planning which came in during Elizabeth's reign. It seems safer to attribute this part of the house to the next owner. John Haydon left heraldic marks of his work in a bull and a lion carved in stone as finials for the east front gables. They appear again on his tomb which stands in Ottéy Church on the north side of the altar.

There was no issue of Haydon's marriage, and Cadhay passed to his great-nephew, Robert Haydon, who also married a Joan, daughter of Sir Amyas Poulett, a member of Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council. Robert Haydon was evidently bitten with the passion for decorative features, which are the especial mark of the architecture of the



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EDWARD THE SIXTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

reign of the great Queen and of her successor, James. His work seems to divide itself into two periods. The fireplaces in the dining-hall and in the Poulett bedroom are of a purely Gothic character, with flat arches surmounted by a frieze of tracery enriched by coats of arms. On both of them appear the three swords of the Pouletts. Unless we are to assume that John Haydon had these arms carved during his own lifetime, because he knew that his great-nephew with his Poulett wife would succeed him—a very unlikely theory—this work must be of 1587 or later. It therefore stands out as an extraordinary example of the persistence of the Gothic tradition at a time when England was busy carving its mantel-pieces in the crude Renaissance manner that came from the Low Countries. When Robert Haydon next turned his hand to improving his house, it was to provide a long gallery—a feature of house-building which we associate especially with the end of the sixteenth century. Tradition still held strong in the matter of external treatment, and the present south front was carried out with no marked departure in character from the work of John Haydon. So like is it, indeed, that we should be



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COURT OF THE SOVEREIGNS FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



CADHAY FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

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AN OLD LEAD GUTTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

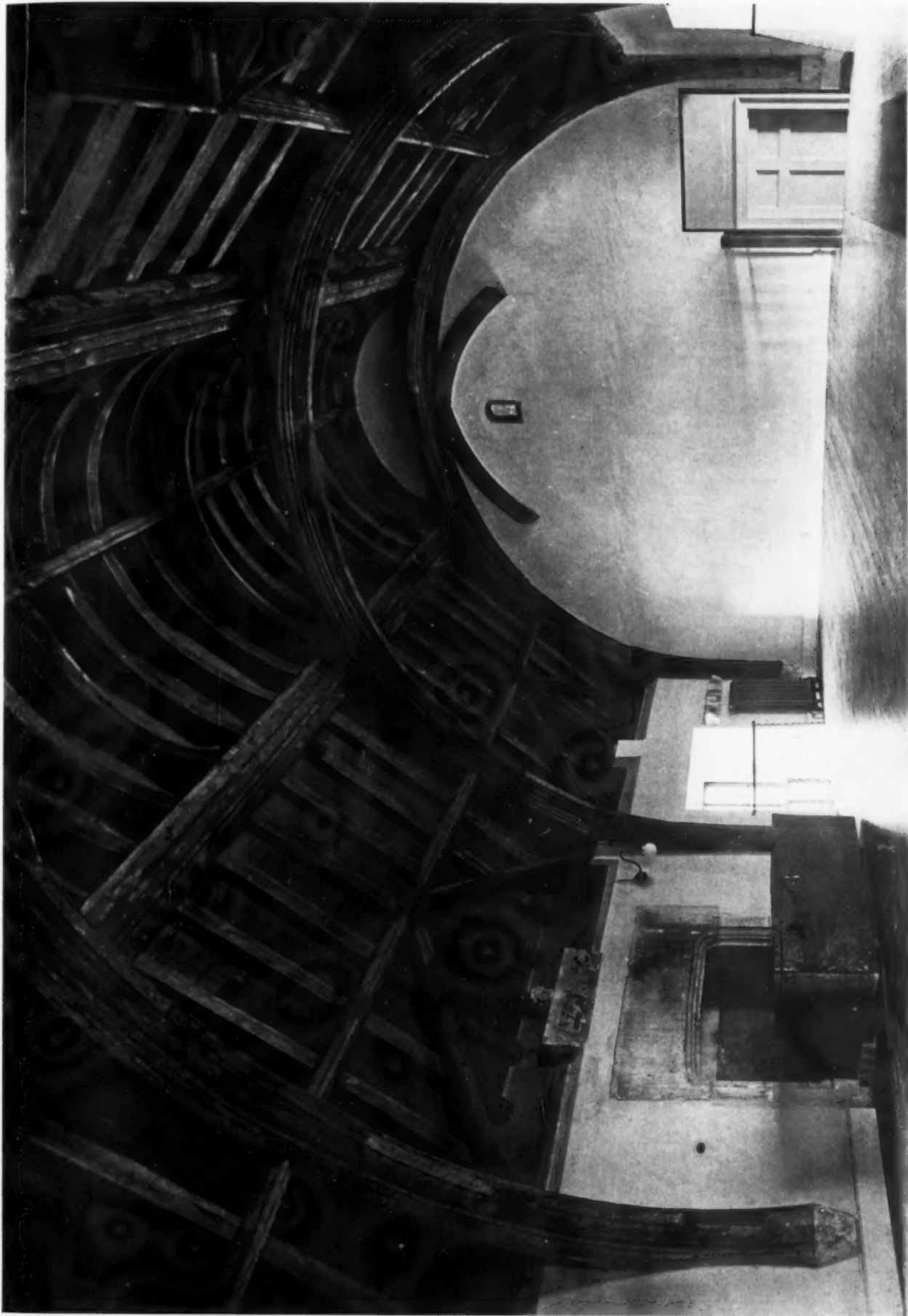


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GARDEN ENTRY ON SOUTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tempted to attribute it to John, but for the fact that such a feature as a long gallery is most unlikely to have been provided so early as 1545, and the evidence of the fabric shows that the south side is some years later than the rest of the building. Nor can the most interesting wall treatment of the courtyard be explained on any other basis. The surface is patterned with an irregular chequering of sandstone and flint, which is quite different in treatment from the similar work common in East Anglia. It is not credible that John Haydon could have done three sides of an open quadrangle in this way, but it is quite natural that Robert Haydon should have contrived it in order to dignify an enclosed courtyard. Whether he built the south side soon after 1587, when the fireplaces were added, or not until later, the four statues of Henry VIII, Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, which stand over the doors in the courtyard, are work of 1617, for that date appears under the niche which shelters the figure of Elizabeth. Not only the statues but the architectural treatment of the niches and their elaborate ornament are very interesting. Though the name of the craftsman has not survived, we know at least that at the same date he wrought a similar monument in the tower of Talaton Church, only four miles away. Probably he was one of the class of itinerant carvers who worked over large districts. During the succeeding one hundred and twenty years Cadhay passed from father to son through the hands of five Gideon Haydons, whose fortunes varied, and finally proved unequal to the strain upon them. The last of the Haydons who owned Cadhay found the estate heavily burdened, and sold it in 1736 to a man who transferred it in the following year to William Peere Williams, a lawyer of Gray's Inn, and a son of the well-known author of the "Reports." Probably the financial embarrassments of the Haydons had resulted in the fabric of their home falling into some disrepair. However that may be, Williams decided on drastic changes, and did them, naturally enough, in the architectural manner of his time. The great hall with its open timbered roof would have seemed to him a barbarous survival, to be mitigated by inserting a floor. This gave him in the dining room a flat ceiling with



"COUNTRY LIFE."

ROOF CHAMBER, FORMERLY UPPER PART OF HALL.

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big cove above the cornice. Probably he plastered over the Tudor fireplace, and put in front of it a Georgian mantel-piece. This, however, disappeared during the period when Cadhay was divided into a farmhouse and another small dwelling. During that unhappy stage of the house's fortunes, a kitchen range was inserted, and the jambs of the Gothic fireplace were hacked away somewhat to make room for it; but, fortunately, not so seriously as to make their repair a matter of conjecture, and still more fortunately, the traceried heraldic frieze escaped damage. The timber roof of the hall suffered considerably. Originally it had hammer-beams and curved braces, which were cut back to the principals; but enough remains to show the original form of the roof, and Mr. Whetham very wisely decided not to undertake any delusive restorations. Despite its misfortunes, the timber roof remains a beautiful thing, and no more was done to the chamber which it now adorns than to clear away the partitions that divided it into ill-lit and ill-ventilated attics.

Williams' external changes did not extend much beyond the north front and the windows on three sides of the courtyard. The mullions of the windows were torn out to make way for big sliding sashes and slabs of stone inserted in the jambs, but the splay of the openings remains within,



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THE DINING-HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

though hidden by Georgian panelling. Williams left the Tudor hood mouldings which now rest on the wooden sash-frames. It looks as though the projection which surrounds the entrance door was his work also, but the whole north front is rather a mystery from the architectural standpoint. As the Tudor hood moulds and plinth remain, it would appear that Williams replaced the walling with a thin skin of Bedfordshire stone ashlar after cutting it back to the depth of the new work, but that seems un-

likely. The notable thing about this front is its general dignity and the treatment of the great chimney-stack, both doing much credit to Williams' drastic alterations. When he died Cadhay passed to his elder daughter, Elizabeth, who was wife to Admiral Thomas Graves, created Lord Graves for his services under Lord Howe at the glorious sea fight of June 1st, 1794. By him the estate was settled on his daughters, through whom it eventually passed to the family of Sir Thomas Hare of Stow Bardolph, Norfolk, the husband of a Graves lady. The Hares never occupied the house, and when Mr. Whetham bought the estate in 1909 Cadhay was a farmhouse, somewhat out of condition. In the conservative hands of its present owners and of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, architect, the house was restored to its old structural strength. Nothing has been done beyond the needs of repair and the adding



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IN THE POULETT BEDROOM.

"C.L."

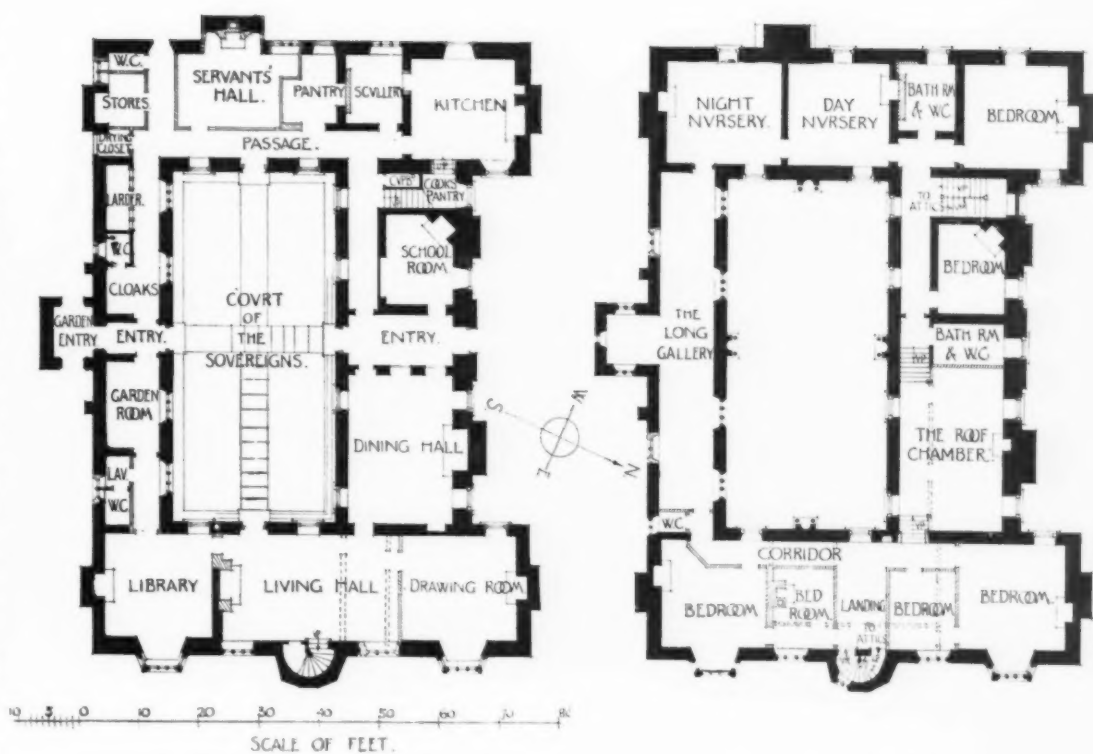


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DINING-HALL FIREPLACE.

"C.L."

of modern equipment such as baths, etc. Various outbuildings have been cleared away, and once more Cadhay stands four-square on its ancient site, a typical example of three of our greatest periods of English building. On the east front, in a niche which probably once contained the Haydon arms, Mr. Whetham has set up a tablet of cast-lead, and the inscription on it sets forth the history of the house. In the corners are the arms of the four families—Haydon, Williams, Hare and Whetham—which have successively left their mark on the fabric. If the old builders had been more addicted to this excellent method of making an imperishable record of their work, the way of the historian would have been simpler and more sure, instead of being dependent upon more or less intelligent guess-work. Cadhay is a happy example of the sympathetic



CADHAY: PLAN OF GROUND—

—AND OF FIRST FLOOR.

co-operation between owner and architect in giving a new lease of life to an historic house which had fallen upon evil days.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

REMINISCENCES OF RAVENS.

"**R**AVENS," what pictures the very word brings to one's mind! The hills ablaze with red and yellow bracken, broken here and there by the cool greens of some belated oak or stunted fir. Perhaps you are sitting idly watching some distant deer, when down the wind comes the hoarse coughing bark of a raven. You have generally to look for some time before you find him.

You see him, a small black speck in an ocean of blue, as it were, wending his way homeward with steady, beating wings to some crevice or tree in which he roosts. But perhaps it is in the morning and he is flying low along the hillside in search of food, searching with eyes which you may be sure will let escape no young bird, however small, no egg, however hidden.

The other picture is *Corvus Corax*, his majestystrutting slowly on my lawn or fiercely squabbling with his companion over some much-disputed bone or piece of brightly-coloured glass. I remember once when stalking in Ross-shire my gillie telling me a rather amusing story. He was sitting one day on the hillside spying for deer for the coming stalking season, when he perceived a solitary raven flying low along the opposite side of the corrie, who, while he was being watched, stopped and settled on a large boulder. At the same moment my

gillie saw a large fox making a most careful and painstaking stalk across some bare ground towards the raven. My gillie, knowing that a raven was by no means a delicacy even to a fox, and especially as it was at a time when food in the shape of all young things was easily got, was very surprised and interested to see the fox making so careful a stalk. But the fox had never intended to partake of raven's flesh, for when

he reached the boulder he sprang upon it with a derisive bark and stood grinning over the success of his stalk and the discomfort of the very much astonished and frightened bird. The same gillie used to firmly believe that if a raven was to follow us when we were stalking, it was a sure sign of bagging our stag. That is, of course, a little far-fetched, although I must admit to having seen a raven following us on more than one occasion in expectancy of



E. L. Turner.

SIR RALPH.

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a meal. Eagles, too, I have sometimes noticed hovering over us watching, but that, of course, is merely idle curiosity.

Ravens in bygone ages were much more dependent on man for their food, no doubt, as they were treated with a certain amount of superstitious awe and, not being much molested, were in consequence tamer. One can imagine

our early prehistoric ancestors were not over-particular as to how they got rid of their refuse of fish, uneatable portions of deer and other beasts, throwing it perhaps only a few yards from their cave-dwellings; and then how easily one can picture the noisy mob of ravens, crows and jackdaws fighting over it; and as easily one can imagine the scavengers not only being unmolested, but very much at home, perhaps even roosting and living in some convenient clefts above the very cave, and always finding a handy and plentiful supply of very easily-obtained food. Ravens have always taken a place in history from the earliest date, perhaps because of their fearlessness, and also, no doubt, owing to the fact that they were once one of our most common British birds. For example, see how often the word "raven" has been introduced into the names of places and persons: Ravenscroft, Ravenshead, Ravenshugh and many more.

Games play a large part in the lives of both tame and wild ravens. I have frequently watched my tame ravens playing a species of hide-and-seek; their most common and perhaps favourite game was a tug-of-war. Seizing a string or long stick, they would each pull at their respective ends till one or the other finally wrested it away from the other, or getting tired would suddenly let go, much to his opponent's detriment,

causing a nasty backward fall. I remember a friend of mine once offering his handkerchief for a game, retaining one end in his hand. A lusty pulling went on on both sides for some time, but my raven, finding he was not gaining at all, gradually edged his beak up the handkerchief nearer and nearer to my friend's hand, and on getting within striking distance, suddenly let go and administered a hearty dab at it, then quickly jumped back and away to avoid the punishment that he knew was his due. He seemed to enjoy his success and my friend's discomfort quite immensely.

Ravens are great collectors of all sorts of odds and ends; my tame ones had a vast collection of queer-shaped stones, bits of glass, bones—in fact, anything that took their fancy, all buried in their respective burial-grounds. I heard from a keeper on Loch Fyne that he had once found two pocket-knives in a raven's nest three miles from the nearest house or road. I wonder how long they had been hoarded, and how often their proud owners had played with and admired them.

Ravens are peculiarly contradictory birds, for there is no bird harder to get near when he is wild, but none tames more easily or is so totally fearless. When wild a raven will never dare to attack any bird, but will steal eggs or young, and hover round uttering the most dismal of croaks. Even with



E. L. Turner. "IN A COMING-ON MOOD." Copyright.



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THINKING OF MISCHIEF.

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his natural enemies, such as eagles and foxes, he seems always to think discretion the better part of valour. It was only lately that I saw a buzzard sweeping at and driving a raven before him. But when you have him tame he thinks nothing of walking up to your dog and using the latter's back as a sort of pen-wiper for cleaning his beak, or if the dog is asleep he will pull the creature's ears and tweak his tail, flying away with a great scurry when the dog runs growling at him, but only to return again in a few minutes to renew the same operations.

Often when I have been standing talking and no one has been paying enough attention to the raven, my lack of respect has been rewarded by a painful pinch on the leg or by finding both my shoe-laces untied for me. Mr. R. B. Lodge has said, I believe, when writing of ravens, that he has witnessed a pair of them torment and finally put to flight two sea-eagles, so my former statement concerning ravens' bravery, or, rather, lack of it, evidently cannot always hold good. The only evidence of boldness I have myself seen was when a cock raven brought a new hen to the nest upon which his former wife had been shot brooding. But that perhaps was more stupidity than boldness. Ravens pair for life when no accident occurs, and show the greatest affection for one another, but like

which one would have imagined a safer and more natural roosting-place. Here, moreover, is an opposite case. A friend of mine got two young ravens, taken from the nest at the same time as mine, though not from the same family. He kept them shut up till they were quite large; then he clipped the wing of one and left the other bird unpinioned, thinking that it would remain with its brother. So it did for some time; then one day it rose up, circled round once, and made a track for the nearest hills, some ten miles distant. It had not been frightened in any way, and my friend had shut them both up every night. It was simply a bird that felt the call of the wild, which I am thankful to say mine never seemed to have.

Again, I know of another raven who lives in a town. He always roosts high up in a tree, and spends most of the day watching the traffic in the neighbouring street, and every now and then will take a flight over the housetops and back to his tree. He is, however, perfectly tame, and evidently does not wish to leave his home. Surely these three examples show a great difference in character? Everybody knows that the raven is famed for his or her longevity, but not everybody knows that he is also known for his feet, which are perhaps the best examples of the bird type. Look at his



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A CAREFUL INVESTIGATION.

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all birds of prey they show the most extraordinary antipathy to their young when they are once full fledged, tormenting and harrowing them till they succeed in driving them out of the district for good and all.

I remember once reading of a strange old fallacy concerning ravens, namely, that the young were born pure white, which colour was supposed to be such a shock to their parents (who naturally expected sable black themselves) as well as a disappointment as to cause them to desert their unfortunate offspring, who, however, found sufficient food in the shape of a miraculous crop of worms hatched in the nest to keep them going till they were able to fly and find other food. Another old saying is that when a raven sees a sheep sick and ailing, it immediately flies at it, tears out its eyes and then patiently awaits the death—its meal! This is a theory that I am sure has caused the death of many an innocent raven. Ravens seem to me to have much more individual character than most other birds, except perhaps jackdaws and parrots. For instance, my two ravens have always had complete freedom, and have not even been pinioned. They never seemed to wish to go any distance from the house. They would never fly unless frightened by some strange dog or person. Roosting outside, they always preferred some heap of leaf-mould to the branches of the trees,

strong, well-scaled, well-proportioned legs and his sharply-curved claws, admirably suited for walking on snow or ice, for gripping the branch he perches on, and to scratch and tear his food. They even allow him to hop like a thrush and walk like a lark—a truly creditable list of achievements. Ravens make the most charming and clever of pets, always full of fun and life, but they should never be confined in a small space.

The raven is easily kept, as he is extremely hardy and will eat anything. Perhaps his only drawback as a pet is that he is liable to worry other tame birds. I know mine got in among my tame gulls one day and made a pleasant meal of all the smaller kinds. He is in my opinion one of our finest, if not the finest wild bird, and I only hope that these lines may be read by some of his destroyers who will take his many merits to heart and so give him a chance to increase and multiply; for, after all, what do a few young grouse or eggs matter compared with the extermination of such a fine bird:

Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the Raven's wing.
—“The Lady of the Lake,”—SCOTT.

C. L.

A GRACEFUL ART.

By MRS. EDGAR SYERS.

THE enthusiasts in any branch of sport are usually prepared to demonstrate that the paces of their particular hobby are far superior to those which can be shown by any competitor. Most of us are tolerably familiar with the advantages of golfing, tennis, ski-ing, etc., as set forth by their ardent advocates of both sexes, and the skater is no less insistent as to the delights of the graceful art. Graceful people are, like poets, born, not made. Doubtless the angular and awkward people to whom the appropriate disposition of their limbs, either in action or repose, appears an insoluble problem, may by instruction be rendered less liable to fall over chairs and upset teacups and other movables, much as a bear may be taught to stand on its head or to dance; but in each case the result is merely the acquisition of an exotic as distinct from the demonstration of an attribute. We have seen some delightful exhibitions of natural grace, the effect of which was heightened by art, in the skating of Fräulein Hubler, Eiler and Howath. Among the men we should without hesitation place Herren Hügel, Panin, Bohatsch and Thorén in a group apart. There was in their skating something eclectic; they seemed to spontaneously select the correct position and movement for the execution of any figure, however difficult. Spectators, whether they are experts or mere novices, regard with admiration the performance of a skilful exponent; although the novice may not appreciate the difficulty of the figures, it is given to all to admire the grace and beauty of the movements, as the exclamation, "How easy it looks!" which one so often hears, indicates. With the many opportunities for practice which are enjoyed by the present generation, English people should progress more rapidly than they do; but the fact is that skating is so difficult an accomplishment that few have the perseverance to carry them through the incessant practice which is necessary to the acquisition of a thorough mastery of the rudiments, without which no real progress can be made.

The ambition of most skaters is to learn to valse in twelve lessons, and this end they expect to attain by being carried round by adroit and muscular instructors, who, from long practice, are competent to overcome the inertia of the most ponderous bodies, and impart to them a rotary motion. Of course, but few of these aspirants ever learn to skate; they rarely even learn to go alone, or to know the delights of being on an edge. Their ambition will never be fulfilled, for it is impossible to valse well unless one can skate well; and, moreover, good skaters are not necessarily good valisers. Skating as a sport for ladies is by no means a novelty. From the

memoirs of the Count d'Avaux, as translated in 1754, we learn that "it was a very extraordinary thing to see the Princess of Orange with very short petticoats, and those tucked up to her waist, and with iron pattins on her feet learning to slide sometimes on one foot sometimes on the other." Coming to later days, we find the beautiful and accomplished singer, Henriette Sontag, afterwards Gräfin Rossi, as a skilful performer installing skating as a fashionable amusement in Berlin, and with us a beautiful *danseuse*, known as the Parisot, gave exhibitions of skating on the Serpentine in the early days of last century, which were a great attraction to the fashionable crowds who gathered to watch the exponents of the art.

To those who wish to learn, the advice may be given to acquire thoroughly the five-finger exercises and scales of skating. These rudiments may be taken to consist of the outside and

inside edges, forward and back, the changes of edge and the threes; but how few have the ability and patience to systematically and consistently practice these few simple movements—the A B C of the art! We are not a graceful nation, and it is quite a revelation to compare the movements of a good Swedish, Austrian or German skater with those of our country men and women. Those who know can in a moment detect the appearance, among a crowd of English skaters, of one who has been trained in a foreign school. Such a one immediately compels attention, like the *première danseuse* whose *pas seul* effects a total eclipse of her satellites. Figure-skating is divided into two sections—first, the school figures, which consist of a series composed of the simple edges, the turns and, finally, the difficult combinations of both; secondly, free skating, which is an amalgamation of the preceding figures with the addition of dance steps, jumps, pirouettes, etc. The second section brings out the individuality and originality of the skater, and, as it is



D. McLeish.

THE CONTINENTAL STYLE.

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largely influenced by temperament, often indicates his or her nationality. The Swedes, for instance, are athletic and gymnastic, and their skating is bold and energetic, introducing figures which call for great power and pace. The Austrians are a nation of dancers, and their skating reflects this characteristic, being perfect in rhythm and time-keeping combined with lightness and grace. The Germans are accurate and exact; a trifle slow perhaps, but powerful, like the Swedes. The French have only within the last few years taken up skating seriously; but in this short time have produced some promising performers—gay, bright, full of the *joie de vivre*, as they would say, excelling in free skating, and rather averse from the somewhat tedious practice of the school figures. The Dutch are usually regarded as a nation of skaters; but their



MISS CARRIE AUGUSTA MOORE, THE FIRST LADY PROFESSIONAL.

have hitherto confined themselves entirely to speed-skating. We have never heard of a figure-skater in Holland or Friesland: the art is there unknown. The practical nature of the Dutch and the disposition of their country, no doubt, account for the absence of figure-skating; it is probable that they would regard it much as did a fenman who, so the story goes, threw a few pence to an enthusiastic figure-skater who was demonstrating



GOETHE AT FRANKFORT After Von Kaulbach.

the mysteries of his art, being convinced that no one would occupy his time in such a manner save as a means of exciting compassion in the onlooker. In conclusion, one may recall the words of one of the most distinguished lovers of skating of all time: "When winter set in a new world was revealed to us, since I at once determined to skate—an exercise which I had never attempted—and in a short time, by practice, reflection and perseverance, brought it as far as was necessary to enjoy with others a gay, animated course on the ice. We were immoderately addicted to this pleasure." So said Goethe. It may serve as a consolation for ardent followers of the art to find that genius itself confessed to being immoderately addicted to the pursuit of their hobby.

TRANSPLANTED SENTIMENT.

IT may be the desire to possess something unfamiliar to be bragged about, perhaps it is pure sentiment, but we must guard the trees, shrubs and grass around our greatest shrines, because the too enthusiastic American tourist clips and gleans so persistently that little more than the bare earth will soon remain. The leaf or twig, the flower pressed between the pages of Baedeker with marginal note of its identification, was an early form of transplanted sentiment; but



After SKATING IN 1830. Carle Vernet.

these herbariums having only dry and faded fragments appealed only to the ultra-enthusiastic and the passion remained restricted. Some specimens infinitely more difficult to gather, to preserve alive, to bring to robust growth in the more severe climate of America, had a stronger appeal; they were living links between the old fragrant memories and the tense life and harsh surroundings of the newer life. Picture harebells from the grave of Bruce at Melrose growing on a rockery at Yonkers, wallflowers from Lanercost, holly from Grasmere Church, daisies from Jordans, ivy from Stratford-on-Avon, hawthorn from Stoke Poges, even pieces of velvet turf from Oxford Quads—they have all gone across 3,000 miles of the ocean to be nurtured in costly vases until they died from over-pampering, or to be planted in the sunniest spot of some dollar-dreaming domain until they were killed by heat or cold, or they changed their colour and shape past all identity. The difficulty of transportation has led to many gatherings and sendings by post. Ivy is first favourite, as it travels well and can be pulled away from clinging growth to the actual stones. More hederæ clippings said to be from Kenilworth have been sent than those glorious ruins, carefully planted and harvested, could have produced in a century. Primroses and wallflowers must be transported as seed, so faith in the sender is essential, but it matters little, because they cannot be grown successfully. How far this transplanted sentiment craze can be carried is evidenced by the advertisement of a firm of nurserymen in America who offer grafted cuttings from the most famous historic English elms. Here is the list, the figure representing the number of specimens available: "8 Tower of London; 13 Junior School (Cheltenham College); 11 Lichfield (House of Samuel Johnson); 8 Blantyre, Scotland (Home of David Livingstone); 6 Churchyard at Keswick (where Southey is

buried); 11 Balmoral Castle; 8 Loch Lomond; 6 Melrose Abbey; 7 Holyrood Palace (Edinburgh); 4 Edinburgh Castle; 2 Field of Sauchieburn (Stirling); 1 Stirling Castle (Douglas Gardens); 10 Battlefield (Stirling Bridge); 6 Ayr (Home of Burns); 1 Hawarden (Estate of Gladstone); 8 Westminster Palace Gardens (Birthplace of Queen Victoria); 3 Cambridge University (Grounds of St. John's College); 3 Twickenham (Home of Pope); 4 Oxford (Addison's Walk at Magdalene College); 4 Oxford (Near Monument of Three Martyrs); 5 Eton College (Poets' Walk); 6 Bedford (Birthplace of John Bunyan); 3 Stratford (Churchyard of Church in which Shakespeare is buried); 3 Elston Great Tree (Home of Bunyan); 4 Eton College (Playground); 2 Waverley Abbey, near Haslemere; 3 Rugby School (from 'The Island'); 3 Haslemere Old Ruins; 11 Cambridge University (Trinity College); 2 Henley-on-Thames; 3 Cambridge University (Grounds of King's College); 10 Ely Cathedral; 9 Sandringham (Castle of Prince of Wales); 3 Windsor Castle (Long Walk); 6 Harrow School; 6 Landport (Early Home of Charles Dickens); 5 Chester (Near Old Roman

Water Gate)." To edit this list would be to spoil its unintentional humour. We may be surprised to read of elm trees at the Tower of London and Edinburgh Castle, but why demur when there is well-meaning sentiment to be satisfied? The cost is not great. "Ten dollars each, half cash with order, f.o.b. Germantown. Trees 8 to 10 ft. high. Success has crowned this enterprise. The first announcement that we were in position to offer English Elms of such rare historic interest brought voluntary orders that surprised us. One man ordered one of each kind; another wanted all our stock from Loch Lomond, while a third desired as a living memorial a truck each from his father's home town and his college grounds. As a pleasing gift to some friend or institution; as a fine tribute to some departed one—what would be more appropriate?" To the last question we can only say it depends; if the epitaph is not a true statement, well, then, have a tree. But, after all, the orders are "voluntary," and really we need not too vigilantly guard the historic elms of England. We are not losing many of their precious twigs and branches. A. ABRAHAM.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

HOW refreshing it is in these times to come across a great and thoughtful book worked out on lines entirely unconventional and inspired with the most serious object! Such a work lies before us in the shape of *The Fool in Christ*, a translation from the German of Gerhart Hauptman (Methuen). The author's scheme may be stated in a very few words: If Christ were to appear in our own times, would He receive any different welcome than the evil one with which He was met two thousand years ago? For the purpose of applying the test, he has invented a particularly fine character in Emanuel Quint and placed him in circumstances very similar to those recorded in the Gospels. It is not our business here to discuss the religious question, though it must in fairness be said that whatever Mr. Hauptman's opinions may be, he treats his theme with becoming reverence and respect. The tone of the book is entirely serious from the opening page to the end; but of course it would be unfair to make a literary comparison between the greatest book ever written and this modern novel. Just because they are so familiar with the Gospels, few people have recognised the extraordinary literary feat achieved by the writers. They will undoubtedly appreciate it when they get through the book before us. Here are nearly five hundred solid pages, and yet in a slim little pamphlet the writer of the first Gospel was able to lay before us all the essential facts about the most wonderful life ever lived. We can never be too thankful that our English translation was made at a time when English prose was at its very best. But apart from the sweetness, simplicity and dignity of the style, there are the facts. The teaching was antipathetic to the doctrines that men acted upon in those days. They were times of fighting, and valour was the most highly prized virtue. Yet the new Teacher's panegyrics were directed to qualities very opposite—meekness, humility, mercy and forgiveness. There existed side by side with licentiousness a fierce and terrible ideal of woman's chastity. The new Teacher said, "Blessed are the pure in heart," but he was a merciful judge of those who did not attain to this ideal. This was exemplified on the occasion when he said: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone. . . . Hath no man condemned thee? . . . Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more," and in the acceptance of service and loyalty from the Magdalene herself. To-day the Christian morality is nominally at least more widely accepted than at the beginning; but the novelist has no difficulty in showing that in many other respects the Christian doctrine and human practice are at direct variance. He very properly makes his hero feel something like an abhorrence of money. He will accept alms of food and lodging, but under no circumstances whatever take coin of the realm. This is in a world more than ever engaged in "getting and spending." Miserliness has indeed gone out of fashion, but the desire for money and the mad struggle for it have been intensified. In theory many thoughtful people would agree in saying that it is over-valued. They might, indeed, go further and assent to the proposition that the man who pursues wealth has really bound himself to a servitude more degrading than that of any slavery of which we have record, but the assent is purely intellectual. Those who say it with their lips turn from the conversation and engage once more in the endless, painful pursuit.

Emanuel Quint learns by bitter experience. He comes of ignorant parents and teaches himself to read by spelling words out of the Bible, with the result that his language becomes Biblical, and, as he has only one subject of meditation, Christ becomes his constant companion in nightly dreams and dreams by daylight, so that at the end it is not unnatural to find him suffering from the delusion that he actually is the Son of Man. He forms disciples, who come, like those of old, from the ranks of the poor and needy. Some, indeed, are criminals not at heart

reformed. Ignorant disciples are probably the greatest curse of those who set out to be prophets. They form expectations that never can be fulfilled and exaggerate and distort the tenets of the master's faith. In particular, their gross minds interpreted the promise of the Kingdom of Heaven as that of a Paradise where they could satisfy every sensual appetite. They believed in Quint and called him master, but ever demanded the performance of some miracle as a "sign"; and Quint's meditations assured him that the miracles of the kind they longed for do not belong to this dispensation. It is not till nearly the end of the book that the Christianity of Quint is confronted with the learned Paganism of the day. At a hostility of doubtful reputation, where he meets sinners of every shade and degree, learned professors come to listen to his talk and argue out with him the relative merits of their creed and his. The whole doctrine of Christianity is one of self-effacement. "The survival of the fittest" is the triumph of a doctrine of selfishness. The argument is not conclusive, for a reason which we will give presently, but it is practically summed up in a page or two towards the end of the book, by Quint on one side and a frank opponent of revealed religion on the other:

"I say to you, the mystery of the kingdom, the grain of mustard seed in the field of humanity, is unselfishness." Quint again quoted sentences from the Sermon on the Mount, such as "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that spitefully use you, and persecute you."

"If living up to those principles and if unselfishness as practised to-day constitute the kingdom of God on earth I must say it is certainly not any larger than a grain of mustard seed," said Josefa Schweglin.

"Evolution," declared Dr. Hülsebusch, "the state, civilisation, are not to be based on unselfishness. Struggle, self-seeking remain the most potent motive factors. The domination of Christianity for two thousand years on account of this false tendency has been nothing but a prodigious hypocrisy, a monstrous fiasco. The world is propped on selfishness, nations are maintained by selfishness, selfishness dictates and inspires all the large and petty transactions among men. The church proclaims its rule in the name of God, and in return demands servitude in the name of God. The lords want to get the better of the lords and the slaves; the slaves want to get the better of the slaves and the lords. There is not an individual in the mad struggle of interests who is not his own fortress. Then shall he be unselfish and let his fortress be razed to the ground? The most barren principle there can be, I maintain, is unselfishness. Because anyone who would want to carry it out in practice to its logical conclusion, that is, anyone who would secure peace at any cost, would have to leave the arena, the battle-ground, he would have to quit life voluntarily. Suicide would be the true Christian act, the only final consequence of Christian teachings."

"Kill selfishness, and if you cannot kill it in any other way, then kill yourself. He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal, I tell you."

Here the author, in order to make a clear point, fails, as we think, to be impartial. Dr. Hülsebusch's eulogy of selfishness will not stand examination, because Nature itself inculcates altruism, and without altruism the world would come to an end. Life comes into existence with the selfish instinct to maintain itself, but in human experience this instinct gradually becomes modified. It may be that a greater selfishness follows a lesser, but the process is purifying. The individual learns to sacrifice something for his family, and thus develops a family selfishness; his family selfishness may be superseded by a patriotism that is strong enough to make him sacrifice his family interest for the national interest; and, wider still, there comes in a racial interest, for which national interest in its turn may be sacrificed. But, indeed, the opportunities for argument are endless, and that is the merit of the book. It will make the reader think and examine himself and study anew a great many conditions of this life of which hitherto he has assumed the wisdom or the inevitability.

CHILD VERSES.

The Perse Playbooks. No. 2. Poems and Ballads by Boys of the Perse School, Cambridge. (Cambridge: W. Heffer and Sons, Limited, 1912.) AT the Perse School at Cambridge the authorities have conceived the admirable notion of setting their small boys to write English verses. Whether the subsequent publication of some of these works is equally to be commended will

likely appear doubtful to those having, as they say, "old-fashioned" ideas as to children. From a purely selfish point of view, at any rate, the grown-up reader ought to be unfeignedly grateful. Moreover, as far as the spontaneity and unself-consciousness of the young poets is concerned, it is cheering to know that the really remarkable poem called "The Cloud" was written in half-an-hour, and that another poem of very distinct merit was shown up on a grubby bit of paper bearing on its back the preparations for a long-division sum and some patches of marmalade. It appears from the introduction by Mr. Caldwell Cook that sometimes a whole form will compose a joint poem by the pleasing method of everybody talking at once. More often, however, the master suggests a peg upon which to hang a poem, and then from a common starting-point the boys move off independently, each in his own direction. The reader will come to the resulting productions with a perhaps unfair expectation of finding much that is purely imitative, and some, of course, he must find. With such a subject as the Armada it is only natural to discover the author's passions for Lord Macaulay and Mr. Newbolt, and perhaps in a minor degree Mr. Kipling, contending one with the other. Again, many of the ballads owe a good deal to earlier works in the same field, but then—to quote from the introduction a comment by one of the boys—"What does it matter? . . . That is how ballads are made." Here, for instance, are four lines from "Robin Hood and the Bishop":

"The Sun in splendour shined bright
Under the Greenwood tree,
Where could be seen in Lincoln green
Bold Robin's Company."

Most agreeable lines they are, and the author may be a poet, but then, again, he may not; he may only be a sharp little boy with a knack of imitating. It is quite impossible to say which he is, and partly for this reason perhaps by far the more interesting verses are those not in ballad form. Several of these others disclose obviously original thought, and one or two are genuine poetry and have lines that give one the true thrill. Here is the beginning of the "Skylark":

"He clears his voice with a sip of the dew
That lies on the grass when the day is new:
Then he spreads his wings and soars on high
Till he's naught but a speck in the vast blue sky."

These are good lines for a boy of twelve, and the first two in especial are as charming as they are original. Yet the "Skylark" is not nearly so striking as "The Cloud," by another person of twelve, who probably never heard of Blake, but writes very like him:

"My flowers are dying, dying,
Cloud, O Cloud, I hate thee:
Listen to a child crying, crying,
Cloud, O Cloud, do rain."

It is not fair to quote this poem in little pieces, and it is not easy to avoid praise that might appear too solemn, but at least it has the real ring about it; that cry for the rain really "gets home." All boys of twelve will not write like this, but it may do them all good to try. At any rate, by having a fellow-feeling for poets they may avoid the belief, too often to be met with in the public schoolboy, that all literature, and more especially poetry, is wholly despicable.

ITALIAN ART.

History of Painting in North Italy, edited by Dr. Tancred Borenius. (John Murray: three vols.)

BY a happy coincidence, while the Layard Collection is being packed for transmission to the National Gallery, comes a new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's *History of Painting in North Italy*. Joseph Archer Crowe, journalist, war correspondent and diplomatist, together with G. B. Cavalcaselle, a political exile who had escaped from death at the hands of an Austrian court-martial, were two of the earliest pioneers in a new field of scientific criticism. Their work was so carefully done that it can never wholly be superseded. Since the first editions of their histories were published, many new men have wandered along the same paths. Yet the notes now added by Dr. Borenius prove that the original authors were rarely at fault. During the last forty years fresh documents have come to light, dates have to be rectified, personal biographies amended and amplified. But Crowe and Cavalcaselle had the true *flair* for a fine picture. They were not only art historians, but art-lovers—often a very different thing. Critics of the present day are so engrossed over dates, theories and questions of *provenance* that they forget Art is rather a kingdom of pleasure and appreciation than a realm of perpetual archaeological bickering. Crowe and Cavalcaselle rendered a great service to all students of Italian painting, and, in this case, their monumental spade-work makes the way clear to every student of the glorious School of Venice. The first volume deals with the Vivarini, the Bellini and their followers, ending with Carpaccio and Cima. Volume II. centres round Mantegna, his forerunners and the men he influenced. "The Venetians reformed their style in part on the models which he created; the Paduans clung to his system with melancholy pertinacity; and the Vicentines, the Veronese and the Ferrarese adopted his manner with avidity." Volume III. opens with a survey of Giorgione, and deals with such fascinating artists as Pordenone, Sebastian del Piombo, Moretto of Brescia, Palma Vecchio, Lorenzo Lotto and "the eclectic and versatile" Cariani. These books should be placed on the shelves not far from another wonderful study of Venetian art. Crowe's unemotional statements form a valuable complement to Ruskin's brilliant eloquence. In Sir E. T. Cook's *Life of Ruskin* there is a reference to that great man's aversion to Cavalcaselle, while Crowe's "Reminiscences" reveal a similar lack of appreciation of Ruskin's critical qualities. The men were labouring in the same restricted area with vastly different points of view. They were opposed in temperament but not in ideals. They had the same enduring love for art and the same desire to arrive at the truth. Dr. Borenius has annotated the new edition with much care and skill. He has endeavoured to discover the present location of the pictures cited by the original authors, with a fair amount of success. The long lists of missing pictures by the various masters prove what rich prizes await the expert hunter. A few small errors need correction. The Cima in the National Gallery, "Madonna with the Infant Christ Holding a Goldfinch," is numbered 634, and not 124, while the same artist's "St. Catherine" in the Wallace Collection is No. 1, and not No. 122. "St. Peter Receiving the Keys" (No. 20 in the Prado), described as being "amongst the works of Catena's Giorgionesque

phrase," is now attributed by the Madrid authorities to Marco Basaiti. The "Virgin and Child," which Lady Layard presented to the National Gallery (No. 1696), Dr. Borenius apparently ascribes to Bartolommeo Montagna, although the Gallery label gives it to Giovanni Bellini. Montagna was strongly influenced by the Venetians, and we think the new ascription might be accepted. The "Madonna and Saints" in the Prado, which Crowe and Cavalcaselle at first gave to Giorgione, and then to Titian, is now numbered 434, and not 236. Without the correct official numbers it is often difficult to identify a picture with ease. Curators should be forbidden to alter a number once allotted. The "Madonna Between SS. Francis and Roch," in the Prado (No. 288), Dr. Borenius ascribes to Giorgione as "reminiscent of the Castelfranco picture"—another work Ruskin considered as being one of the two best pictures in the world. The Prado "Madonna" is an exquisite painting, and the Gallery somewhat doubtfully attributes it to Pordenone, whose hand in no other example achieves such a melting softness. Under the reference to the "Shepherd with a Pipe" at Hampton Court, Dr. Borenius might have noted that some modern critics do not agree with Crowe and Cavalcaselle's judgement that it is one of many copies of a lost original by Giorgione. Berenson calls it "a picture which, perhaps better than any other, expresses the Renaissance at the most fascinating point of its course." Giorgione's "Shepherd"—for we prefer to call it a Giorgione—is one of a dozen pictures at Hampton Court which might profitably be transferred on loan to Trafalgar Square. The diligent connoisseur will soon begin to annotate Dr. Borenius' annotations, and material remains for many friendly arguments. Mr. Murray has added to the value of the volumes by lavish illustrations and a careful and comprehensive index. The new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's *History of Painting in North Italy* is indispensable.

DEER.

Deer Breeding for Fine Heads, by Walter Winans. With descriptions of many varieties and cross-breeds. Illustrated with photographs by the author, H. Penfold, W. Rouch and others. (Rowland Ward, Limited.)

MR. WINANS has written for owners of deer forests and parks, "those who desire to have their deer as well tended and well bred as prize poultry and prize dogs." Having got rid of the old "Highland head," which, he considers, died out years ago, as a standard, he concludes, "The only thing to do is to try to breed the best possible head of the Continental type." He defines the old Highland head as the type seen in the illustrations to Scrope, and in some of Landseer's pictures, the main characteristic being the great amount of curl in the points of the horns. Granted that such heads did exist, we should have preferred to see Mr. Winans devoting his energies and experience to re-establishing such a type rather than evolving one similar to those found on the Continent. He alludes to the annual German exhibitions, and remarks that it is a pity no such exhibitions take place in England or Scotland, "as they tend to improve the breed of deer, just as horse shows tend to improve the breed of horses." We entirely agree, but the same interest in antlers is not entertained in England as it is on the Continent, and it is doubtful if such an exhibition would be sufficiently popular to be a success. "On the Continent the greatest care is taken to improve deer, but in Scotland the general rule seems to be to kill every big stag that can be seen, without any reference to the future good of the herd." This criticism is perfectly fair and, unfortunately, true, though many forests which are held by the same tenant or owner every year, by exhibiting fine heads annually, show by comparison how disastrous such a policy is. In such forests a stag is spared till he has attained maturity and fulfilled his destiny, and no young animals are shot unless they come under the heading of "rubbish." Mr. Winans relates some interesting anecdotes of deer, and on page 24 a most remarkable accident which befel a two year old wapiti stag. Briefly, having got some wire-netting entangled round his horns, he was attacked by a full-grown stag, whose horns also became entangled. The two year old was eventually gored to death and his horns had to be chopped off, the men who did so risking their lives in order to free the big stag. Mr. Winans, after many experiments with crosses, considers the triple cross, Altai-red deer-wapiti, the healthiest and strongest. Though extremely interesting from a natural history point of view and for the stocking of parks, the evolution of new types for sporting purposes is to be deprecated. Fallow deer (*Cervus dama*) are usually divided under three or four headings. Mr. Winans prefers enumerating no less than ten. In addition to this species, there are chapters on the red deer (*Cervus elaphus*), the wapiti (*Cervus canadensis*), the Altai wapiti (*Cervus canadensis asiaticus*), roe deer (*Capreolus caprea*), sika (*Cervus sika*), Manchurian sika (*Cervus manchuricus*), chital (*Cervus axis*), and the questions of feeding, transporting, crossing and hunting deer are dealt with. There is an interesting chapter on the breeding seasons of deer and the modifications which ensue owing to change of climate. Mr. Winans wonders why it is that the general public seem unable to conduct themselves with decency in private parks. We share his wonder. The behaviour of certain hooligans is naturally resented by proprietors who generously throw open their gates. They not unreasonably close them after one or two unpleasant experiences, and the innocent suffer with the guilty. On page 87 there is a severe criticism of modern animal painters, though the instance chosen of the superiority of a Syrian wall sculpture is not the best that might have been instanced. Roe-hunting, the author states, is not practised now in England. Until quite recently a park was kept for this purpose in Dorsetshire. He makes out a very good case for "carted" stag-hunting. The volume would have been the better for a detailed index. Many of the photographs are interesting, though those on pages 51 and 57 might very well have been omitted. Mr. Winans' reputation as a shot is well established. Rows of dead fallow does do not enhance it. The volume is attractively got up, the type is clear, and we can recommend its perusal to all who are interested in deer.

A NOVEL OF THE TIME OF THE TERROR.

The Mysterious Monsieur Dumont, by Frederick Arthur. (John Murray.)

MR. ARTHUR'S clever novel deals with the Reign of Terror and the Rising of La Vendée. It is written about the fortunes of a little group of aristocrats who come through a series of vicissitudes calculated to daunt even the most courageous. With restraint and yet with strength Mr. Arthur takes us through the horrors of a time studied by him to some purpose, and vividly and realistically the shifting scenes come and go. Lurking in the background of these is the

figure of one Antoine Dumont, a Republican, of effeminate build, cold, cruel, implacable, and ever on the winning side when dissensions among its leaders tear the Terrorist faction. This man wins the confidence of Mme. de Quéroüel, on her escape from imprisonment at Nantes, and, upon her death, is entrusted with the welfare of her grand-daughter, Jacqueline; and it is with his discharge of that trust that the book is mainly concerned. In the course of a singularly

engrossing narrative we have glimpses of Robespierre, Danton and many others who took a prominent part in the Terror, besides a thoughtful presentation of the political situation both at the time and after in France and abroad. Mr. Arthur has written an able and stirring romance which should commend itself to those who enjoy sound workmanship and the skilful handling of an interesting theme.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

"WHAT THE PAINT SHOWS" FOR THE LAST TIME.

A LITTLE while ago I suggested an easy mode of finding out some of the happenings that took place, while club and ball were in contact during the golfing stroke—by smearing a thin coat of paint over the face of the club and seeing the impressions left on the club and on the ball after the stroke. In the first instance I showed some impressions left after strokes with iron clubs. It is interesting to note what happens in the ordinary full drive. The impression, after a really well-hit shot, was as is shown in the accompanying diagram. The club with which I drove was my ordinary driver. It has an unusually long shaft, but that does not matter. What is more interesting is that, although it is rather unusually deep in the face, the impression shows that there was a considerable portion of the ball which did not meet the club at all, though it would have done so had the face been deeper still. The diagram is to all intents and purposes exact, and the depth of the face is a fraction over one and a-quarter inches. It is, of course, possible that the ball might have been struck a little lower down, yet even so it is hardly possible that the whole extent of the compressed area should have come into contact with any part of the face. With such a deep face as this it is perhaps just possible, supposing that the lowest point of the compressed arc came down on the horn; but with a club of the normal depth of face—perhaps nearly a quarter of an inch less—it would obviously be impossible. The question that suggests itself is whether we lose force of resiliency, and consequent length of drive, owing to this failure to get the largest possible area of the ball into contact with the driving face. It seems as if it must be so; and if we accept that assumption, it must almost lead to the further assumption that we should do better to have the faces of our driving clubs even deeper. I ought to say that the ball used in this experiment was one of the medium-sized "zomes," not one of the smallest.

On the other side of the argument we may remember that experience as well as theory go to show us that a deep-faced club keeps the ball lower than a narrow-faced one. The reason is readily seen, and is illustrated by this very diagram,

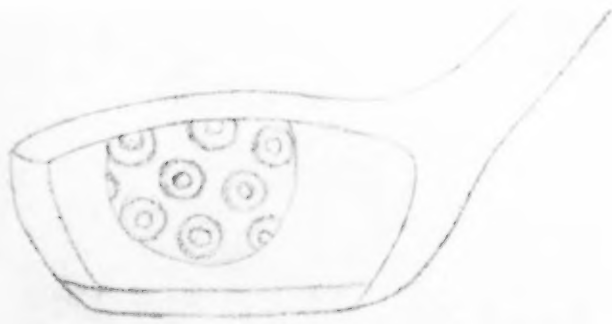


FIG. 1.—A FULL SHOT WITH THE DRIVER.

namely, that the shallower-faced club is the more likely to take the ball beneath the belt. If the face of the club be perfectly vertical, and if it be moving, when it meets the ball, exactly horizontally, it is not to be supposed that it would lift the ball at all, unless it were shallow enough to allow some portion of what we might call the circle of possible compression to escape the impact—as we see that a portion of it has escaped in the diagram given herewith. The old clubs of sixty years ago or so were made far shallower in the face than ours, and for the special purpose of hitting the ball below the belt, and so getting it into the air. And it is quite plain that we may frame and accept this formula—that the shallower the face of the club is, the less need there is for sloping it back in order to give the ball sufficient hoist. This, of course, is written with regard to the play of a straight-through shot. In the jerk shot the raising of the ball is, as we know, accomplished rather differently, as also is the application of that under-spin which is essential to the ball's flight.

It is amusing to vary the experiment by going from a nearly vertical-faced club, like a driver, to a club with a very much laid-back face, like a broad-faced niblick. This is a club with a flat face, not with any concavity in the face, on which the impression of the ball is shown in the second figure. It will be understood that a straight-through shot has been played. The club is so lofted (it is one of the kind sold and used by Savers of North Berwick) that this simple shot is nearly the only kind to play with it. The loft is almost too heavy for a cut stroke or a stab shot. The peculiar point to be noticed in this impression is that it shows the blade to have slid in under the ball, so that the ball appears as if it must have rolled back a trifle on the upper part of the blade. The suspicion is excited whether the shot was not, technically, a foul. The small highest marks, at B, show, as I think, the zones to



FIG. 2.—A STRAIGHTFORWARD PITCH WITH THE NIBLICK.

have come back on the paint with a light impact that is suspiciously like a second one—a different one from that which has impressed the lower marks.

As for these lower marks, it will be seen that all the zones have been squashed out to an almost indistinguishable shape, with the long diameter of the ovals roughly vertical. They have been so squashed and squeezed downwards that the impress of their form has been lost, or is seen only faintly indicated by indistinct outlines. You will find, if you make the experiment of the straight-through shots with clubs of increasing loft of face, that as the loft increases, the zones are squashed more and more into ovals lying in this direction, and that the whole of the compressed part of the ball is squashed into a longer and longer oval. It is not, however, until you come to the extreme loft of such a club as this niblick that you get this rather different kind of impress, at the highest point of the impression, which conveys the suspicion of a second impact—really constituting a foul. There will be found a paint mark on the ball also, which rather confirms the suspicion—it is a mark almost longer than could be possible on any other supposition than that of a second touch; it seems to indicate something even more than a "roll up" on the face. The oval of the ball's impress is seen lying a little towards the toe at its height, showing that the shot really was sliced a little, though unintentionally. Along the line marked A was rather a high ridge of paint. Evidently the chief compression had been more towards the toe.

In taking leave of the subject, I ought to warn intending experimenters that they will do far better to play off a mat than off the grass in their experimental shots, because the club is apt to send up the bits of grass blades that it cuts, and to lay them over its face, so as to blur all the impression of the paint. For a like reason it is good to use an artificial rather than a sandy tee, when a tee is used, because the sand comes on the face and similarly spoils the record.

H. G. H.

THE BRASSEY AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

I WAS playing a few days since with a very well-known professional, who declared that, although he had in his shop an admirable club-maker, he yet found it exceedingly difficult to get himself a brasse to his liking for play through the green. I was both interested and cheered to hear this remark, because in

my own humbler sphere I have found this difficulty, and there are probably others in the same boat. For this trouble there may be one or two reasons. One is, I suspect, that owing to the vagaries of the modern ball we use wooden clubs so much less than we once did. If the course we play on is not abnormally long, and we are possessed of reasonable hitting powers with iron clubs, it is comparatively seldom that a genuine brassy shot presents itself. When it does we are, just because of its rarity, inclined to "funk" it; we are not thoroughly used to the shot nor to the club, and we often make sad work of it in consequence. Another possible cause is that a golfing belief, once thoroughly absorbed into the system, dies very hard. When the rubber-cored ball first appeared we found that it was infinitely more easy to pick up than the gutty had been; that, much more often than of old, we could take the driver through the green and send the ball soaring gaily away. But the ball of to-day is smaller and heavier than the original Haskell; it lies close to the ground, and, more especially in the winter, upon inland courses takes a good deal of coaxing into the air. Yet, just because of that belief which we formed in 1902, now in the year 1913 we are apt to try to get the ball away through the green with the same deep-faced driver or brassy that we use from the tee.

THE VIRTUES OF SHALLOWNESS.

I remember to have written before now that many golfers were foolish, as regards their winter golf, in not employing more liberally-lofted wooden clubs through the green, but perhaps this does not really get to the root of the mischief. Wooden clubs are generally made very deep in the face, and even if we have them well lofted, the depth remains. I am now disposed to think that it is greater shallowness rather than greater loft that we want through the green. Mr. Hutchinson, in discoursing on what may be called the mind-paint shot, extols the virtues of the deep face, but he is writing of tee shots, when the ball can be placed on a pinnacle of unlimited height. When it lies unpleasantly close to the ground there seems to me to be much virtue in the comparatively old-fashioned shallow face. For one thing, the face does not, if it were, overshadow the ball; it looks as if it would get well under it, and looks are of great importance in inspiring confidence. There is a club, which enjoys some popularity, called the "wooden cleek." It is, in fact, hardly to be distinguished from the common spoon, save in one important particular: the face is perceptibly shallower than the spoon's, and it certainly picks up the ball in a very comforting manner. A rather ingenious club for playing through the green is that invented by Captain Harrison, which has a very slight projection of horn at the bottom of the face. It has been said by some that a stroke with such a club must end in a foul shot through the ball being hit twice, but this the inventor most strenuously denies, and has backed up his denials by some

sound arguments. One thing at least this club can do, and that is to drop the ball very dead. The professional whom I mentioned played a shot with one, and the way the ball stopped was decidedly impressive. Indeed, this particular shot stopped too soon, for instead of running up a slight slope to the hole side it ran back down the slope and, to my considerable relief, off the green.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PAINT MARKS OF THE PUSH SHOT.

SIR,—I should like, as the first exhibitor in COUNTRY LIFE of the impression left on the ball by the painted club, in playing the so-called push stroke, to say a word in explanation of the different impressions left on the ball by the strokes of Sherlock and of Mr. de Montmorency and of myself. The two former played the strokes of which the impressions were photographed and reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE, off an artificial tee. Now, it is extremely difficult—and I am sure Vardon, Taylor, Braid and all the artists will agree—to play the real push stroke—that which gives the slightly concave flight and the straightish fall—off a tee at all. That this is the case, and why it is the case, is suggested by Lord Berkeley's word that the ball has to be "squeezed" between club and ground. That squeeze is really of the essence of the stroke, and is the justification (or should we rather say apology?) for Vardon's quaint description, which yet is useful in helping the understanding of the stroke, of "the blade curling round the ball." It must be obvious, even to those who are unable to play the stroke, how much the tee must add to the difficulty of giving the ball this squeeze. It has all the space of the tee's height in which to escape the squeeze; and if the club is to squeeze it at all it must go down after it and catch it when it touches the ground. It looks to me very much, if I may say so with due respect, as if these two distinguished golfers had not played the real push stroke at all, but merely the ordinary cut shot. It is significant that when I got Rowe at Ashdown Forest to play some shots off a painted face the impression he left on the ball was exactly that recorded by the shots of Sherlock and Mr. de Montmorency when he played the ordinary cut shot, but directly he hit a typical push shot, with its low trajectory and slightly concave flight, the ball bore the "beehive"-shaped mark which I had found on it when I played the push shots. It may also be noted that in the opinion of Mr. Darwin, who superintended the shots in question, Sherlock's stroke did not appear to be quite identical with Vardon's push shot. It is my idea that the fact of their being played off a tee will explain why it was not quite likely that they should be. I have received several letters on this subject, and I hope this note may be accepted by the writers as my reply to them.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE SNAPDRAGONS AND THEIR CULTIVATION.

ALTHOUGH the Snapdragons, as we are pleased to call the flowers that the botanists class as *Antirrhinum*s, have been known in our gardens since the days when Gerard wrote his famous herbal, it is only during recent years that any great improvements in colour, habit and form have been effected. In the early days already referred to there were, according to available data, four varieties, viz., album, purpureum, variegatum and luteum, the colours of which are well described by their names. These were undoubtedly the forerunners of the modern race that is now so highly appreciated in our gardens, and all of which have descended from the species *Antirrhinum majus*.

Fortunately, the cultivation of the ordinary Snapdragons does not call for any special skill or treatment on the part of the gardener. I use the word "fortunately" advisedly, because these flowers are so useful for so many purposes in our schemes of summer and autumn effects that they should find a home in every garden, no matter whether it be the strip of the suburban villa or the demesne of the mansion. For filling beds or borders, for naturalising in the wild garden, the crevices of dry walls or inaccessible rocks the Snapdragons are admirably adapted, and in the latter positions they will usually sow and reproduce themselves freely when given a good start. In the gardens at Hopetoun House, Linlithgow, whole borders are devoted to these flowers, large masses of one colour being planted, and a wonderful colour effect thus obtained. Although the Snapdragon is really a perennial plant, and in a wild or semi-wild state is usually allowed to grow as such, the gardener generally finds it more convenient to treat it as an annual, or at the most a biennial, for the purpose of filling beds or planting in borders. It is such a good-natured plant that it readily lends itself to this treatment, and the modern varieties have been so carefully selected that most of them can be relied upon to come true from seed.

There are two methods of raising seedlings; the one is adopted where the plants are to be treated as annuals and the other if their existence is to extend well into the second year, though either would be applicable were it desired to allow the plants to remain as perennials. To treat them as annuals, *i.e.*, to raise the plants from seed, allow them to flower, and discard them all in one year, it is necessary to sow the seed early in the year, and the latter part of January or the early days of February is usually selected as the most appropriate time. By sowing the seed so early a long

period of growth is secured, a feature that is necessary with these plants. The actual sowing of the seed and raising of the seedlings present no serious difficulty. A quite cool greenhouse or frame is essential, and the boxes or pans in which the seed is to be sown must be well drained, as Snapdragons are greatly averse to excessive moisture. The soil for filling the boxes ought to consist of good loam two parts, coarse grit one part, with a little leaf-soil and some old mortar added. A similar mixture, except that a little old, well-decayed manure should be substituted for the leaf-soil, may be utilised for transplanting the seedlings into when they are large enough to be conveniently handled. Thin sowing of the seed, early transplantation of the seedlings, and, above all, cool, airy treatment throughout the whole of their career, are the passports to success in the raising of Snapdragons from seed early in the year. If kept near the glass and freely ventilated, as advised, the young plants should be sturdy and branching by the end of May, at which time they may be planted in their flowering quarters.

If we desire to treat Snapdragons as biennials, *i.e.*, raise them one year to flower the next, the seed may be sown in June in the open garden, and the seedlings subsequently transplanted to where they are to flower. Thin sowing and prompt transplantation are essential. So far as soil is concerned, these delightful flowers are not at all fastidious, but it must not be heavy clay that is waterlogged. Thorough drainage, and a fair depth of loam to which has been added a goodly proportion of well-decayed manure, will give large spikes of glorious flowers. But, on the other hand, dry, starved soil will produce bushy plants that never seem to tire of flowering, and for this reason the Snapdragon is an excellent plant for growing in the warm, dry borders that are usually found surrounding the dwelling-house, for dry walls, or for rockwork where there is very little soil. In such situations it is best to sow the seed in June where the plants are to grow and flower, and allow them to remain as perennials. This also applies to dry and open spots in the wild garden, where it is desirable to allow the Snapdragons to become naturalised.

Of modern varieties there are a great many, and nearly every seedsman has his own speciality. The beautiful art shades of pink, gold, terra-cotta and bronze have created a great deal of interest in recent years, and are all well worth growing in masses in beds or borders. For walls, rockwork and the wild garden, however, the self colours, such as good crimson, yellow and white, are best.

F. W. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INTENSIVE CHICKEN REARING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of December 28th you had an article in regard to the rearing of chickens in a commercial and profitable manner. I am at present exceedingly interested in this matter, and am investing a considerable amount of money in chickens to really find out what can be done, because at present, walking round among small farmers, I am so shocked at the apparent neglect of every possible means of making money on small farms and small holdings. From my investigations I am not satisfied yet as to whether it is not wisdom on their part that makes them appear unprogressive, and, among other things, I want to satisfy myself about chickens. If a person with a small amount of money read your article, he might easily believe that chicken-rearing on the scale suggested was the solution for them. I have got all particulars of Mr. Paynter's experiments and results; but I am not satisfied, from present investigations, that they are anything like as good as they appear on the surface. (1) It is quite clear that anyone starting to rear chickens on the method suggested by Mr. Paynter must have not £150 to start with, but £250. (2) The price at which the chickens are shown to have been sold is more than I can find can usually be obtained. Can Mr. Paynter tell me what his market was and where it was, and why he appeared to be able to get more than the current market prices? (3) The next point is, what incubator was Mr. Paynter able to buy for £6 5s.? I cannot find a satisfactory one at this price. (4) Then, to produce 120 chicks per week, according to Mr. Paynter's own figures, each incubator would have to hold 250 eggs. He reckons that half of them only would be hatched. (5) Has the cost of the erection of the netting to keep the chickens under control been included in the labour? (6) What was the amount of labour required to attend the incubators and chickens? In my opinion it is not possible for one person to do the whole of this work. (7) What number of years' life does Mr. Paynter consider that the incubators, wire-netting and all other utensils should have? That is to say, what amount of their value should be written off per year? It seems to me at least £10 per annum would have to be allowed for depreciation of equipment. (8) It must then be remembered that, even after all the above questions have been satisfactorily answered, Mr. Paynter must have natural gifts which surely would be most inadequately repaid by an income of about £100 a year or less to cover interest on capital, rent and deterioration of equipment. (9) It is quite clear to me that with the intelligence, industry, strength and energy necessary to do what Mr. Paynter has done, the owner of such ability would never be content to work it under £100 a year. It is quite certain that he would be competent to manage much bigger affairs and make much more money. This is the question, it seems to me, at the root of all troubles in small farming, that if the people are competent to be small farmers and make a real success of it, then their energy and enterprise will never leave them small farmers; they will quickly become big ones or drift into more paying business. In my opinion, so far as my investigations have gone, the small holder is on a stepping-stone to either better things or worse. The good man will become something much more than a small holder, the ordinary man will fail as a small holder. The success of all farms and farming, in my opinion, will come by agriculture being conducted with one brain controlling very large acreages, and that brain will be able to give employment at much better rates of pay than the small individual farmer can make for himself on a small holding, with all his disadvantages of lack of proper capital, lack of proper implements and lack of scientific knowledge.—S. F. EDGE.

[We sent Mr. Edge's letter to Mr. Paynter, who replies to it as follows: "I have numbered the questions, and give the following answers: (1) Yes; the small holder should have £250. (2) The chickens were sold direct to poulterers in the suburbs of London. They were all specially bred and fed to produce high-class table birds. They were graded to size, and both cockerels and pullets were sold. I have arranged that my returns this season shall be as follows: In April, 3s. 9d. each; May, 3s. 6d. each; June, 3s. 3d. each; July, 3s. each; August, 2s. 9d. each; and September, 2s. 6d. each. Average,

3s. 1½d. each. (3) I use hot-air American incubators, constructed to hold 240 eggs. They are listed at £7 7s. 6d. each, but if four are ordered at once the makers allow a discount of 10 per cent., and on larger orders from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. (4) Yes; incubators to hold 240 eggs are necessary. (5) Yes. (6) It is quite possible for one person to do the work. I consider a woman's output should be 3,000 chickens and a man's 4,500 per season. (7) I should place the life of the incubators, foster-mothers and houses, with proper care, at twenty years, the utensils at ten, the wire at five and the stakes at three; 10 per cent., or £15, would be a sufficient sum to write off for depreciation. (8) Instead of £100, as shown last season, I hope with the same plant this season to show £200. (9) I do not consider that I have more than the average intelligence, etc. The incentive that urges me on to persevere is the great interest I feel in attempting to demonstrate the possibilities of the poultry industry, but this interest should be no greater than that of an ordinary person whose existence and that of his family depended upon the successful application of his energies to such work."—ED.]

THE MILD SEASON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph might be of interest to your readers. It is of some pear blossom gathered on December 20th. When gathered, many of the buds were well out, and since then it has been in a vase full of ordinary water, in a sitting-room near the window. The photograph was taken on December 31st, and a dozen or more pears have since set and are now about a quarter of an inch long.—T. W. CREWEDSON, Bury St. Edmunds.



PEAR BLOSSOM IN DECEMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will the enclosed photograph of flowers gathered in the open air do for COUNTRY LIFE? The flowers were gathered a week ago. I enclose a list of names.—WALTON R. BURRELL.

Fool's parsley, chrysanthemums, periwinkles, rosemary, mignonettes, double primroses, pink primroses, wild primroses, polyanthus, winter aconites, snowdrops, double stocks, single stocks, wallflowers, mint, lupines, laurustinus, achillea millefolium, chamomiles, coltsfoot, erigeron, doricum, Christmas roses, hellebores, common daphne (spurge laurel), daphne mezereum, yellow jessamine, honeysuckles, aubrietias, double arabis, single arabis, hepaticas, calendulas (pot marigold), choysa, field daisies, pansies, forget-me-nots (myosotis), godetias, Gloire de Dijon rose, monthly roses, pansies, pansnip blossom, trefoil, meadow grass, ragwort, Princess of Wales violets, wild violets, wild heart's-ease, buttercups, tritoma (flame flower), ivy-leaved toadflax (linaria), mallow (malva sylvestris), carnations, dandelions, dead-nettles, honeysweet, chimonanthus fragrans, gorse (furze), oxalis, ivy blossom, Cape gooseberries, ceanothus, groundsel, cuckoo's pint leaf (arum maculatum) and veronica (wild).

"REFORMING A CRIMINAL."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A *propos* of Mr. Armour's excellent sketches showing how a sheep-chasing terrier was schooled into good behaviour, may I remind you of the story told by William Beckford in his famous "Thoughts on Hunting"? In case it is forgotten, I copy it out: "A late lord of my acquaintance, who had heard of this method, and whose whole pack had been often guilty of killing sheep, determined to punish them, and to that intent put the largest ram he could find into his kennel. The men with their whips and voices, and the ram with his horns, soon put the whole kennel into confusion and dismay, and the hounds and ram were then left together. Meeting a friend soon after, 'Come,' says he, 'come



A JANUARY GARLAND.

with me to the kennel, and see what rare sport the ram makes among the hounds: the old fellow lays about him stoutly, I assure you—egad he trims them—there is not a dog dares look him in the face.' His friend, who was a compassionate man, pitied the hounds exceedingly, and asked if he was not afraid that some of them might be spoiled. 'No, d—n them,' said he, 'they deserve it, and let them suffer.' On they went—all was quiet—they opened the kennel door, but saw neither ram nor hound. The ram by this time was entirely eaten up, and the hounds having filled their bellies, were retired to rest."—C.

WHAT IS A GROUND FLOOR?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read your article of the 11th inst. on Marlow Place, Great Marlow, which is, as are all your writings, both entertaining and instructive. But do you not err in calling the lowest floor the "ground floor"? As you know full well, the term "ground floor" has an architectural and a technical meaning, and it does not necessarily mean the floor on the ground or next to the ground. I observe you refer to the floor on a level with which are the principal entrances as the "chief floor," and where is the entrance hall. This, with much respect, I maintain is the "ground floor" in an architectural sense. I do not make this statement without due authority. As trustee and surveyor over a London estate I found one of the London water companies, and later the Metropolitan Water Board, had for a great number of years charged for "high service," and they contended that the bottom floor of all the houses (four storeys) level with the ground behind (the houses being entered by going up steps in front to the entrance hall) was the "ground floor." I contended that the floor whereon was the principal entrance from the street was the ground floor, and the Court so decided. You might refer to the definition of "ground floor" in London Buildings Act, 1894, in proof of what I say. The Court ordered the return of

a large sum, and—can you believe it?—the Metropolitan Water Board then pleaded the Public Authorities Protection Act! This succeeded, and they refused to refund the money!—J. E.

"CHARLIE."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose you an interesting photograph of my tame fox, Charlie, being weighed. When twelve months old he weighed about nine and a half pounds, but during the last nine months he has gained about three pounds, which make him twelve and a half pounds for twenty-one months old. I do not know what the average fox weighs, but this one is well grown



IN THE BALANCE.

and is much finer in appearance in his second year than he was when under twelve months old.—H. B.

ALBINISM AMONG BLACKBIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of January 11th one of your readers asks if it is uncommon for a blackbird to have a white head. One can be seen any morning about half-past eight in Regent's Park, opposite 11, Cornwall Terrace, also a blackbird with white wings and a white ring round its neck, and a white sparrow.—T. BISHENDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I note in your issue of January 11th the record of a blackbird with a pure white head. Early in this month I saw a similar bird near Resolven, Glamorganshire.—M. W. J.

LITTLE MADEIRAN SHEARWATER IN KENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Only four examples of the little Madeiran shearwater (*Puffinus bailloni*) appear to have been hitherto recorded in Great Britain, namely, one taken at Valentia Harbour, Kerry, in May, 1853; a second, picked up dead near Bungay, Suffolk, in April, 1858; a third—a female—found in an exhausted condition near Bexhill, during a severe gale, on December 28th, 1900; and a fourth—a male—caught alive near Lydd, Kent, after another gale, near the end of November, 1905 (see Witherby's "British Birds," Vol. II., page 373). Thanks to the courtesy of the late Mr. Rowland Ward, by whom it was set up, and to a member of whose staff it belongs, I have now the pleasure of adding a fifth specimen to the list. This bird, which has been identified by Mr. Ogilvie-Grant as an adult

male, was picked up in an exhausted state at Welling, Kent, on August 20th, 1912.

It may be well to recall that these British stragglers, as is mentioned in the passage cited, were originally identified with the Australian little dusky shearwater (*Puffinus assimilis*), but have been referred by Mr. Godman, in his "Monograph of the Petrels," to the North African and Madeiran *Puffinus bailloni*; that species, or race, being distinguished from the Australian bird by the greyish or ashy white—instead of pure white—quill lining, as well as by the lateral feathers of the under tail-coverts being more or less black on the outer webs, in place of wholly white, as in *Puffinus assimilis*.—R. LYDEKKER.



MALE IN ADULT PLUMAGE.

THE FARCE OF SMALL HOLDINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As one who does not believe in small holdings, I am sending a few lines in reply to Mr. Hamilton Edwards' letter. I quite agree with "Eastern Counties" in his letter of December 14th as to the farce of small holdings, and I am quite sure the artisan is much better off with his two or three pounds a week than any small holder would be with the profits of his holding. I assert that there is not a much more precarious way of making a living than off the land, and I have had a life-long experience. If the small holder is lucky enough to grow enough to feed and clothe his wife and children and himself he has still to meet the cost of rent, rates and taxes, also occasional extra labour, as it must be a very small holding where he can do all this himself; then there are repairs and replacement of tools and implements. Cambridgeshire I know nothing about, and one success does not mean success for all, and we cannot expect all small holders to grow seeds; also where is he when bad seasons spoil his samples, as this last season has done to a very great extent (you will find a successful man in every venture, no matter in what line). Probably your successful man had a lucky start as regards harvest in the first few years of his venture, when, no doubt, his profits would be large. No doubt there is more room for intensive cultivation, but this means quadruple labour, and also expense. A man with capital of a few hundreds is much better off renting a decent farm than owning a few acres of land, as he has all his capital to put into the working of the land. The cry of back to the land is a mistake, but try and keep the men who are on the land by all means. I should be glad to see the labourer with a higher wage and better cottage, at the same time the rural cottage will compare favourably with the courts and alleys of the towns, as all have plenty of fresh air and invariably a garden, and the rent is merely nominal in many cases, not more than a shilling or eighteenpence per week, and perquisites will bring the labourer's income up to a pound or twenty-five shillings per week. I am quite at one with Mr. Edwards in what he says as to State assistance and philanthropy only serving to keep the "afternoon farmer" on the land who would be better off working on the land for another. If we are to give the labourer more money, we must be able to get more for our produce and also relief from the burden of excessive taxation. In this county, in North Somerset, the County Council some time since bought land for small holdings and afterwards could not let it for the purpose; it then had to be let at a nominal rent to neighbouring farmers; also at another place some land had again to be sold at a loss, and I think eventually there will be lots more will have to go the same way.—JAMES TURNER.

AN OLD TINDER-BOX.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Some weeks ago you published an article on tinder-boxes, and I believe that the enclosed photograph will be of some interest. This tinder-box was the property of the Swan Inn, Tetworth, Oxon, and bears the date 1793. A swan is pricked out on the metal part of the handle, which, you will notice, is partially concealed by the leather band, and the flint and steel fit neatly into the bellows. This tinder-box has been in my possession about ten years.—C. E. BARTHOLOMEW.



A BELLOWS PATTERN TINDER-BOX.

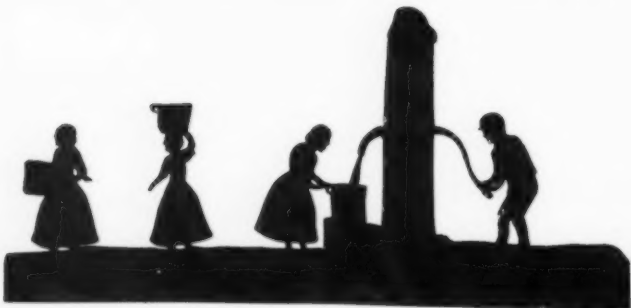
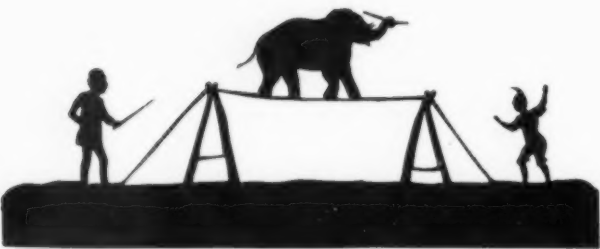
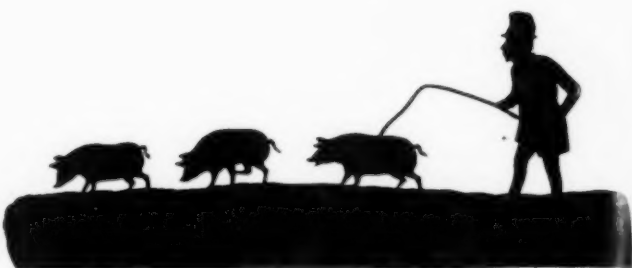
MORE SCISSOR-WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reading the Christmas Number of COUNTRY LIFE, I noticed one of your correspondents wrote to you on the subject of scissor-work. He also said he would be interested to hear of other examples of that kind of art. Enclosed you will find twenty-seven examples which we have had by us for many years. We do not know who can have cut them. These silhouettes, you will notice,

are much smaller than those mentioned by your correspondent. I send them for you to see, as the subjects are suitable for COUNTRY LIFE, such as ferreting and other country scenes. I shall be glad if you will make any use you like of them.—D. VIOLET L. KING.

[We are much obliged to our correspondent for sending such an interesting collection, and have pleasure in reproducing those which reflect the incidents of old country life.—Ed.]



OUR RUDE FOREFATHERS AND THEIR SPORTS.

1913.

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